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Fill 'Er Up!

For the past seven months I have been enjoying incredible sex with two gorgeous, long-legged hotties. The whole thing started one night when Raquel asked me for a ride home from the health club. When we got to her place, she invited me in for a drink. One minute I was enjoying a cold beer, the next I was kneeling between Raquel's legs, lapping at her pussy. It took me two hours to satisfy Raquel's lust, but I'm not complaining—I love eating pussy and I love fucking!

I'd been doing Raquel for about a month and everything was going really well. She expressed an interest in anal sex—and I was happy to oblige—but one night she said she wanted to have two cocks in her at the same time. I had no interest in sharing my fuck buddy with another man, but I pretended to be open-minded and heard her out. Instead of mentioning a guy, Raquel said she wanted her friend Maria to join us—if it was okay with me. Hell, yeah! I knew Maria from the gym. All the guys wanted to get with Raquel and Maria, so I knew this was going to be an excellent and enviable experience.

I counted the days (seven) until the three of us were to hook up. When the date arrived, we went out for drinks. The girls kept looking at each other and I knew something was up. Finally, Raquel brought up the two-cock thing again and said Maria shared the same interest. I hoped they didn't want more testosterone in the mix, but they had something different in mind. They only wanted to add a strap-on! As long as I didn't have to wear the fake dick, I had no problem. I green-lit the idea.

When we got to Raquel's place, the girls couldn't wait to show me the strap-on, which looked remarkably like my cock in length and girth.

After we undressed, I alternated between my two beauties, sucking and finger-fucking them to orgasm. Then Maria strapped on the dildo, slipped a condom onto the shaft, and applied some lube. While Raquel lowered herself onto my dick, Maria moved in from behind and eased the dildo into Raquel's puckered asshole.

Maria moaned as Raquel pushed all the way in. Now, with both holes stuffed, Raquel cried out, "Oh, God! That feels so good." Then she reverted back to groaning, but much louder as Maria and I began giving her the hard double-fucking she wanted.

Raquel's body trembled as she reveled in this dual invasion. As I thrust upward into Raquel's pussy, I could see Maria's big tits swaying back and forth each time she drilled the dildo into Raquel's bottom, and I could feel the added friction through the thin membrane between her pussy and ass.

"I'm coming!" Raquel screamed as she drenched my cock and balls with her juices.

Maria gave Raquel a minute before she let Raquel straddle her. I waited until Raquel had the dildo completely inside her dripping pussy before burying my throbbing cock inside her ass.

With Raquel sitting on the dildo and my cock buried inside her ass, we repeated the incredibly hot double-fucking scene until Raquel came again and I shot a creamy load deep inside her.

Things only got hotter when Raquel lowered her twat over Maria's mouth. I removed the strap-on from Maria and began eating her out. It was a huge thrill to watch Maria lap at Raquel, who shook as her orgasm raced through her body. I did my best to hold on to Maria as she came in my mouth.

After a short rest, Maria was on the receiving end of the double-fucking, but not before Raquel had a chance to taste Maria's pussy. Since that evening, the dildo has become an important part of our trio. I've taken to calling it Steve Jr.—after myself, of course!—*S.B., Minnesota*

> I had no interest in sharing my fuck buddy with another man, but I pretended to be open-minded and heard her out.

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to forum.submission@pmgi.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.

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SEXY MAMA

Theo and I have been good friends since we were kids. I was always at his house playing video games, especially on weekends. Even when we were in college, not only did I still look forward to gaming with him every Saturday, but I'd also developed this mad crush on his mom. When Theo's parents got divorced, I really started thinking *MILF*. I mean, she just didn't look like a 40-year-old mom. She wore formfitting clothes, had a hot body, and was a natural beauty.

One Saturday morning, I went over to Theo's and entered through the back door like I always did. There didn't seem to be anyone around, so I called out. When no one answered, I looked in the basement where the Xbox and wide-screen TV are set up, but I still didn't see Theo. I went back upstairs and decided to check his bedroom on the second floor. When I passed his mom's room, I noticed the door was slightly ajar and there was moaning coming from inside. I looked in and was amazed to see his mom in bed, masturbating with a huge dildo.

I got an instant hard-on as I crept closer for a better look. I must have leaned on the door because it creaked loudly enough to draw her attention. Suddenly, we were staring at each other. I thought I was dead meat. I must have closed my eyes because when I opened them, she was still staring at me—only now she was licking the dildo head!

"How long have you been standing there?" she asked.

"Long enough," I said.

She motioned for me to join her. I walked toward her and started taking off my clothes. She stared at my cock, which was fighting its way out of my briefs. As soon as I pulled them down, she took my dick in her hand. She started licking the tip and without hesitation shoved it into her warm mouth. She bobbed her head and kept sucking me till I was ready to explode. I pulled out of her mouth and shot after shot of hot come jetted out of my cock, landing all over her face. She used her tongue and fingers to get every drop.

I got between her legs and began eating her out, just like I'd imagined doing hundreds of times. She moaned and wailed and her body shook when she came, so I knew I'd done a decent job of getting her off.

I couldn't believe I was hard again. I was finally going to fuck my best friend's mom! I slipped my cockhead into her and pushed forward, inch by inch, until I was in up to my nuts. She held on tight and I rode her like a madman. We fell in sync, moving together like a well-oiled machine, barreling toward that final moment of ecstasy. It was fucking incredible!

Afterward, with just the sound of our own breathing, reality kicked in. Now what? Should I say something, and if so, what the hell was there to say? And where was Theo?

I looked over at the MILF next to me and she was smiling. "You'd better get dressed," she said, pulling me toward her for a kiss. "Theo went to the mall and probably forgot to call you."

We kissed a bit longer before I picked up my clothes and got dressed. When I was about to leave, she said, "We'll have to do this again sometime soon, but not here. Theo wouldn't understand."

I couldn't have agreed more—with either statement. I gave her my number and took off.—*G.T., Pennsylvania*

More letters on page 142

I walked toward her and started taking off my clothes. She stared at my cock, which was fighting its way out of my briefs.

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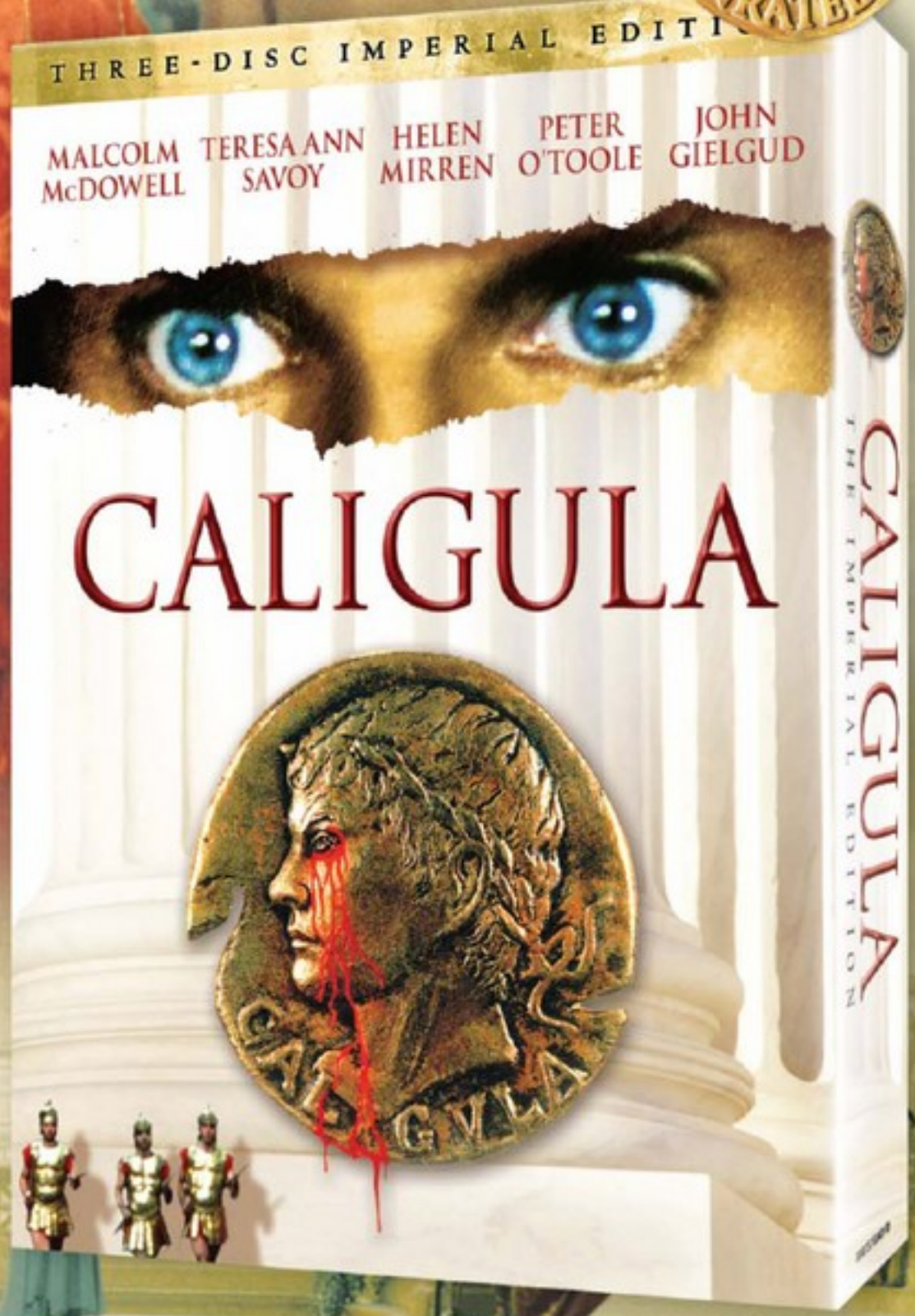

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Clan Bake

Fifteen years, four devastatingly good records, and one dead Bastard later, the Wu-Tang Clan resume their reign as hip-hop's quirkiest crew. By Rebecca Swanner

Q&A

Re-Enter the Wu-Tang

The legendary hip-hop group still ain't nothin' to fuck wit

Can there be life after Ol' Dirty Bastard? If *The 8 Diagrams,* the first studio album since 2001 from the sprawling hip-hop collective known as Wu-Tang Clan, is any indication, then the answer is an emphatic *hell, yeah!* We recently asked original Wu-Tang member RZA (aka Prince Rakeem, Rzarector, Chief Abbot, and Bobby Digital) to reflect on his role in Staten Island's most outrageous group, the health benefits of a steady diet of beef, and what's wrong with rap.

ODB died in 2004 of a coke and painkiller overdose. Was making the new record's "Life Changes" cathartic for the group?
Yeah. That took about eight months to record. It shows the rest of the world where our hearts are. The day he died, time stood still for us.

Why did it take so long to record?
Brothers had to say what they had to say in eight lines. That's not a lot of space to say something to ODB. When U-God recorded his verse, he said, "You was crying for help kid / I could've, would've, should've / But at the time, I was selfish." He felt he could have helped him, but we were all in our own worlds, and basically, we neglected him!

Do you feel guilty?
I've dealt with neglect in my own family, neglect in my crew. You sit there and let your brother do what he wants because you think he's a man. But just because he's a man, doesn't mean he's doing the right thing. If he's doing too many things that are destroying him and you love him, you've got to say something about it. But it's hard to tell a man. It's hard for me to say, "Hey Meth, you smoke too much weed." He's Method Man!

Did you ever confront ODB about his drug problem?
The last time I confronted him, it was in the same studio where he passed away. I took his shit from him and flushed it down the toilet. He fucking went crazy on me and said he was never coming back to my studio again. And he never came back until the night he passed away. It was one of the strangest things that ever happened to me.

What was the hardest part about recording this album without him?
I miss his presence, I miss his energy, I miss his spirit. I loved the mess out of that man.

I heard that some celeb friends dropped by the studio—Clive Owen, Quentin Tarantino, and Flava Flav, among others. Did any of them try to bust some rhymes?
Not really. Well, Naughty by Nature's Treach was about to kick some shit. One song I threw on, he was like, "Yo, I'm ready to eat that shit up for you!"

You appear in the upcoming film *American Gangster* (see our review in "Flicks"). What was it like working with Russell Crowe and Denzel Washington?
Me and Russell kicked it off well, and by the fourth day of shooting we were in each other's trailers, popping bottles of wine, telling war stories. My family loves Denzel, so they're going to be so proud to see me share the screen with him—even if it's just for one second. Even though I've done a lot of things in life and I'm considered a celebrity, that's something I really feel proud of. And being a fan of Russell Crowe, to get to meet him, hang out with him, and see what kind of gentleman he is—he's a real man. A real man who could light a match off his dungarees.

How are the hip-hop battles today different than back in the day?
In the old days, it was real. You would ride the train, and if a nigga was rapping on the back of the train and you were a rapper, you would jump up and battle him. Me, ODB, and GZA used to search the city for battles. We'd get up in the morning, get dressed, and go outside just to battle somebody. Those days are gone. There was only one law to hip-hop: Don't bite. You can't imitate nobody else. You have to be original. Now, everybody's biting—biting each other's beats, each other's looks, each other's voices.

That's not the only thing that's changed—give me your assessment of the hip-hop scene.
Hip-hop has always had music from the South, gangster rappers, and rappers that were speaking [with] social consciousness. All of these things have dissipated and we're only getting one side of the story: money and bitches. Instead of us making music for *us,* we started making music to sell records and to pacify what the radio and the media want. That causes imbalance. Like the old movie goes, "There's an imbalance in the Force. And somebody must bring balance, Luke!"

So you guys are the Jedis?
Yeah. We're the Jedis, baby! Return of the Jedis.

> "Hip-hop has always had social consciousness. But it has dissipated, and we're only getting one side of the story: money and bitches."

PHOTOGRAPH BY DARAGH MCDONAGH/RETNA

"It's hard for me to say, 'Hey, Meth, you smoke too much weed.' He's Method Man!"

By Andy Greenwald

MAIN STAGE

Simon Le Mauvais

Even die-hard Duran Duran fans might be bummed by the band's latest effort

DURAN DURAN
Red Carpet Massacre
(Epic)
★★

Twenty-five years after this English quintet's provocative videos (was that a nipple?), painted eyebrows, and salon-engineered hairdos seduced MTV viewers, the original members of Duran Duran (minus guitarist Andy Taylor) join current worldbeaters Timbaland and Justin Timberlake to refresh their long and mostly pastel-colored career.

In theory, it's genius—who better to update the Durannies' slinky new wave than the men credited with rescuing sexy from the undisclosed location where it had been discourteously stashed? The single "Nite Runner," featuring Timbaland's well-honed rhythmic beatboxing, is a slithery trifle let down only by Simon Le Bon's panting lyrics—which ruin the record. Whether he's castigating the fish in a barrel known as paparazzi on the title track ("Red carpet massacre! / It's gonna mess with ya!") or mooning over a girl with self-esteem issues on "She's Too Much," Le Bon flattens much of the fizz provided by Timbaland (and his protégé, Nate "Danjahandz" Hills). Only on the randy, disco-ready "Tempted" does the band locate their old swagger—but by then, sexy has long since left the building.

> In theory, it's genius—who better to update the Durannies' slinky new wave than the men credited with rescuing sexy?

ROCK OF THE AGED

Duran Duran aren't the only geriatrics on the circuit. These acts should consider swapping their music for Metamucil. By Rebecca Swanner

Van Halen

David Lee Roth couldn't win over Howard Stern's audience, but maybe he can make "Right Now" cool again. Or not.

M.I.A.: Original bassist Michael Anthony has been replaced by Eddie Van Halen's son, Wolfgang.

The Gig: The tour may extend through 2008. Amazing, considering this year's Hall of Fame induction debacle.

Led Zeppelin

Page and Plant can still bring down the Hammer of the Gods. Let's hope they don't throw out their backs in the process.

M.I.A.: John Bonham. In 1980, the drummer choked on his own vomit. His son Jason replaces him on tour.

The Gig: If the November 25 tribute concert for former Atlantic Records *macher* Ahmet Ertegun goes well, they've hinted at a tour.

Sex Pistols

If punk isn't dead, it's at least on a respirator.

M.I.A.: Sid Vicious. The bassist OD'd on heroin in 1979.

The Gig: The Pistols will perform three times in London in November to celebrate the 30th anniversary of *Never Mind the Bollocks*.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LED ZEPPELIN) TIME & LIFE PICTURES/GETTY IMAGES AND (SEX PISTOLS) AFP/GETTY IMAGES

ositive effect on the vodka's taste. - Associated Press Miraculous...a match made in heaven. - USA Today ...Believe us, this vodka is slic

ce as flavorful. - The Advocate Great strength in texture...smooth mouth feel ...a perfect winner. - [illegible] eter Times Soy is very co

e can attest that 3 vodka is smooth and tasty. - Maxim 3 is without peer as the foundation of the ultimate v odka martini. - Robb Repor

lawless vodka rating of 100 points ever recorded. - IBAT* ...Believe us, this vodka is slick. - Playboy First flawless vodka rati

offers a smooth taste. - ABC News A healthier way to get shitfaced...We can attest that 3 vodka is smooth and tasty. - Max

nd that's storming the bar scene. - Cosmopolitan Smooth as french silk and twice as flavorful - The Advocate Top Ten Must-Have Items

a positive effect on the vodka's taste. - Associated Press Soy vodka sips as easily as 1, 2, 3. Soy is very complex...ha

- The Advocate The smoothest vodka I have ever tasted. - Arizona Republic 3 is without peer as the

iess unmatched by any other vodka...you'll find that 3 is truly triple smooth. ...a smoother vodka...th

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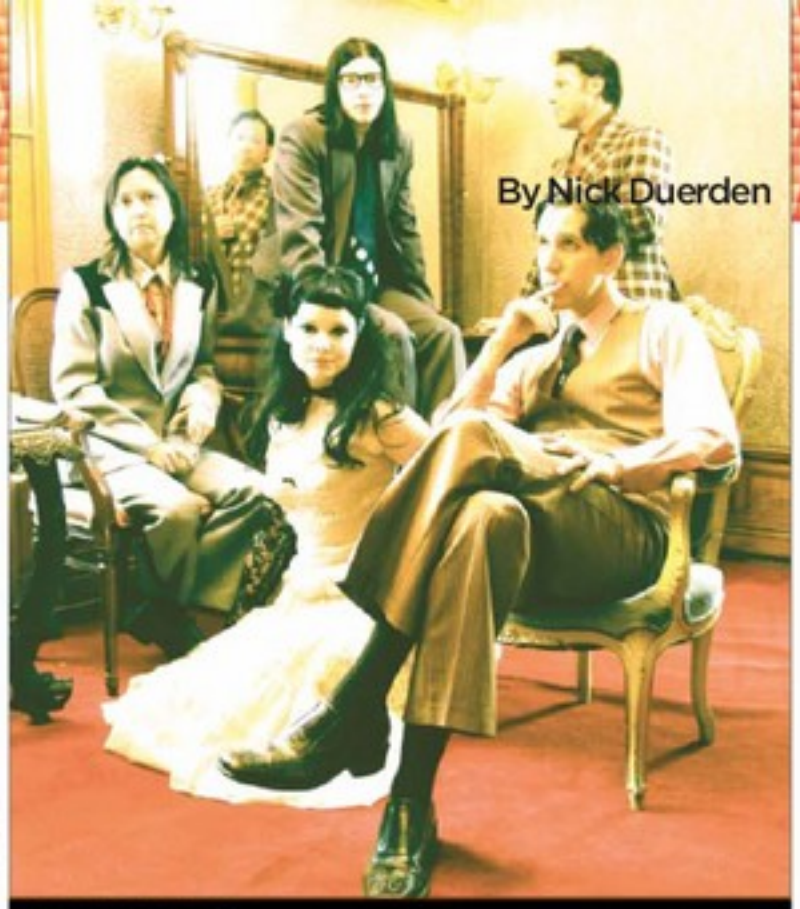
REVIEWS

By Nick Duerden



WHAT'S NEXT?

BLANCHE
Little Amber Bottles
(Loose)

Blanche is an American band—but not from an America recognizable to anyone in this century. With their old-timey outfits and out-of-fashion instruments like the banjo and autoharp, the quintet seems 50 years out of place—in the best way possible. Frontman Dan John Miller has a knack for the dramatic: On this second album, he creates a haunting, soulful stew of gothic folk and baroque bluegrass. Get wise to them now—before they see a calendar.

For fans of: *O Brother Where Art Thou?*, Tindersticks, Johnny Cash

CHRIS BROWN
Exclusive
(Jive)
★★★

Sound Check: Album No. 2 from the 18-year-old R&B babe slayer.
Amplification: Report to the dance floor, ladies—he's legal! Brown's an outstanding dancer—think Usher doing his best Michael Jackson imitation on roller skates—but only a passable singer.
Last Note: His youthful enthusiasm is infectious, but unfortunately, the material—mostly variations on radio-friendly crunk with lyrics straight from Skirt-Chasers Anonymous—doesn't quite live up to teen-pop expectations.
Penthouse Pick: "Kiss Kiss" (featuring T-Pain)

ANGELS AND AIRWAVES
I-Empire
(Geffen)
★★★

Sound Check: The band, led by former blink-182 frontman Tom DeLonge, returns for its second album of ambitious, stadium-sized prog-punk.
Amplification: The grandiose *I-Empire* is just a continuation of DeLonge's effort to put as much tattooed distance as possible between himself and his blink-era wiener jokes.
Last Note: DeLonge got a lot of guff for A&A's bloated debut. *I-Empire* doesn't tone down the pomp, but DeLonge hasn't completely lost his sweet tooth for sugary choruses.
Penthouse Pick: "Sirens"

SIGUR RÓS
Hvarf/Heim
(XL Recordings)
★★★★

Sound Check: A collection of odds 'n' sods from the reigning champs of the ethereal Icelandic swoon-rock scene—part new recordings of unreleased songs and part live acoustic versions of older favorites.
Amplification: In Icelandic, *Hvarf* means "disappeared" and *Heim* means "home."
Last Note: Jonsi Birgisson's crystal-shattering vocals and the band's meandering, digressive approach to melody can be an acquired taste, but this disc is actually an excellent introduction to Sigur Rós's glacial, otherworldly beauty.
Penthouse Pick: "Hljomaland"

COBRA STARSHIP
¡Viva La Cobra!
(Decaydance/Fueled By Ramen)
★★★★

Sound Check: New York City new-wave punks follow up their 2006 debut (featuring the megacheesy *Snakes on a Plane* anthem "Bring It").
Amplification: It's an emo family affair: Pete Wentz, Fall Out Boy Patrick Stump, and Gym Class Heroes' Travis McCoy chip in.
Last Note: Singer Gabe Saporta chronicles downtown life in a mashed-up universe: '80s synths, guest raps, thundering party rock, and Spanish trash talk somehow make sense after a spin in his cultural blender.
Penthouse Pick: "Kiss My Sass" (featuring Travis McCoy)

A LOOK BACK

AMY WINEHOUSE
Frank
(Island, 2003)

Years before "Rehab"—and before, ya know, rehab—Amy Winehouse conquered her native U.K. with a brassy voice, brassier persona, and this debut album full of loose-limbed funk. *Frank* is less lyrically raw than its blockbuster follow-up, *Back to Black*, but flashes of the hell-raiser we've come to love (and fear for) are evident on the saucy showstopper "Stronger Than Me," and the wonderfully titled "Fuck Me Pumps."

PENTHOUSE MOBILE

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Andie Valentino
Pet of the Month
May 2007

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REVIEWS

The Devil's Business

Robbery, adultery, and murder—Sidney Lumet's latest is a sordid family affair.

BEFORE THE DEVIL KNOWS YOU'RE DEAD
Philip Seymour Hoffman, Ethan Hawke, Albert Finney, Marisa Tomei

The final shot of the gripping new heist flick *Before the Devil Knows You're Dead* shows a figure walking into a blinding, unearthly light. But this thriller by Sidney Lumet, the legendary director of *12 Angry Men*, *Dog Day Afternoon*, and *The Verdict*, could hardly be darker. It takes its title from an old Irish blessing, "May you be in heaven half an hour before the devil knows you're dead," tellingly ditching the good-cheer half of the saying.

Philip Seymour Hoffman plays Andy Hanson, a New York City real-estate accountant with a rising tide of problems, who convinces his cash-strapped younger brother Hank (Ethan Hawke) to rob a suburban strip-mall jewelry store. Should be a routine job, Andy figures, as they know the store all too well: It belongs to their parents. When the scheme goes horribly off the rails, we plunge into a suspenseful game of cat-and-mouse and deep into a harrowing family drama. Lumet masterfully unfolds events in overlapping flashbacks that re-tell the story from different characters' perspectives. Andy and Hank's dad Charles (Albert Finney) is a gruff but decent patriarch determined to solve the crime, utterly unaware that its perpetrators were raised under his roof. Marisa Tomei plays Andy's wife Gina, who is sleeping with Hank, and who—it's our editorial duty to point out—goes topless in several long scenes.

The premise may sound ripped from the *Enquirer*, but in the hands of Lumet and his excellent cast, it's completely absorbing—with the bloody inevitability of a Greek tragedy.—*John Bolster*

Marisa Tomei—it's our editorial duty to point out—goes topless in several long scenes.

AMERICAN GANGSTER
Russell Crowe, Denzel Washington, Cuba Gooding Jr.

Thirty seconds into *American Gangster,* the phrase "based on a true story" flashes on the screen. Often, that's code for: "The following movie will be long, slow, and predictable."

But that's not the case here: *Gangster* is a fantastically shot biopic with considerable heart-lurching tension. (It's so good, it inspired Jay-Z to cut another record.) The movie follows Frank Lucas (Washington), a real-life heroin kingpin who went from being a gangster's chauffeur to quietly dominating the Manhattan drug trade while flashy Harlem smack dealer "Nicky" Barnes grabbed headlines. Crowe plays the troubled Richie Roberts, a straight-shooting detective, and the man who must stop Lucas. This gritty movie is so entertaining, we had to check our moral compass—Washington makes a murderous drug dealer seem like a good-hearted, affable guy.—*Jonathan Ages*

I'M NOT THERE
Christian Bale, Richard Gere, Cate Blanchett

Can we just state the blasphemous and admit that Bob Dylan feels like a chore to us? Sure, he's a genius. But the Who's "Won't Get Fooled Again," gives us just as much politics. And Neil Young is way better with a harp. (Notice we didn't even mention the voice.)

Fortunately, writer/director Todd Haynes sets us straight—or rather, knocks us sideways in several different directions. *I'm Not There,* the year's most creative biography, casts six actors in the role of the music legend—including the dazzling, gender-crashing Blanchett—powering up the amps and going electric at the Newport Folk Festival ("Judas!"). Haynes has the courage to fuck things up—even the bio of an untouchable rock god.—*Alex Hadrian*

MARGOT AT THE WEDDING
Nicole Kidman, Jennifer Jason Leigh, Jack Black

Unless you want to be single all your life, certain concessions must be made. Like she'll put up with Vince Vaughn if you tolerate Gwyneth Paltrow. Consider writer/director Noah Baumbach (*The Squid and the Whale*) the ultimate peacemaker. Here, two middle-aged sisters reconvene at the family's Long Island beach house for some primo arguing and hard-core grudge bearing. Waiting in the wings is hilarious layabout Black as Leigh's mismatched fiancé. *Margot* is tough, funny and adult—and ten times cheaper than therapy.—*A.H.*

Border Patrol
What we learned at the recent Toronto International Film Festival about the countdown to Serious Movie Season.

1 Brian De Palma should stick to nudity, violence, and ripping off Hitchcock—not attempting embarrassingly unfocused Iraq dramas like *Redacted*. Imagine a fifth-grader's report titled, "Why War Bad."

2 George Romero (*Night of the Living Dead*) can make as many zombie movies as he damn well pleases. His latest, *Diary of the Dead,* about a band of film students chronicling the apocalypse, is both savage and timely.

3 Why can't American cities have "street meat"—i.e., vendors selling grilled sausages—as unspeakably delicious as Toronto has? (Okay, that's not something we learned, just a desperate plea.)

4 When you have Keira Knightley in your movie, as Joe Wright does in *Atonement,* include her in every scene, if not every shot. When she disappears, the movie dies, and no amount of dialogue by Ian McEwan (who wrote the novel it's based on) can save it.

5 If feminists avoid *Juno*—a quirky dramedy about a wiseass high schooler (Ellen Page) who brings an unplanned pregnancy to term—then they'll miss out on the most vicious script of the season.

6 Bob Dylan is ten times more exciting when played by a woman, as Cate Blanchett demonstrates in Todd Haynes's ultra-weird biopic *I'm Not There.*

7 French directors are great at making disgusting horror films—like the impossibly gory *Inside,* about a heavily preggers woman fending off a home invasion.

8 Five flicks a day are fun, but sleep is pretty good, too.—*Joshua Rothkopf*

INSANE CAST OF THE MONTH!

Dwayne "the Rock" Johnson and Wallace Shawn? Justin Timberlake and Miranda Richardson? Ling Bai and John Larroquette? They may sound like responses to a most-unlikely-to-appear-in-the-same-movie Jeopardy category, but these pairings actually represent a fraction of the ensemble cast in *Donnie Darko* director Richard Kelly's sprawling new feature, *Southland Tales*. If nothing else, this psychedelic, postapocalyptic, sci-fi drama, action, comedy musical is a lock for weirdest Hollywood release since David Lynch's last movie. It's hard to imagine this out-there epic selling-out at the enormoplex—more likely, it's destined for *Darko*-like cult status and a robust DVD afterlife.—*J.B.*

THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON

Best in Shows

Yes, pretty much every decent TV series is available on DVD, but who has time to wade through the crappy seasons? We asked a few expert TV geeks to guide us to the standout years of some classic shows, then weighed in ourselves.

By Kara Wahlgren

DRAMA CLUB

THE SOPRANOS

THE CRITIC SAYS

Season 2

"Tony is finally put in charge of the family as he deals with the aftermath of his mother and Uncle Junior trying to get rid of him. Highlights include Hollywood stealing from Christopher, Richie Aprile pushing Janice to the edge, and FBI rat Big Pussy paying the ultimate price."—*Jon Hein, creator, JumpTheShark.com*

OUR PICK

Season 6, Part 2

Yes, seasons one and two are great, but 6.2 hit new heights in its final stretch. Suddenly, we were talking about the series again, debating how it should end, and we're still arguing over whether or not the "did the fucking cable just go out?" ending sucked. It was nice to say good-bye to a favorite water-cooler show with a little controversy.

24

THE CRITIC SAYS

Season 1

"While the majority of fans may point to the President Logan season [five], I say season one was the best. Each season since has simply been a variation on that winning formula."—*Daniel Malen, editor, TVAddict.com*

OUR PICK

Season 5

While we doubt the writers will ever come up with anything more shocking than season one's ending—when Jack failed to save his pregnant wife—we'll take President Logan, thanks. Season one also had that stupid mountain lion, temporary amnesia, and an abusive father ... that's not exactly a war on terror we want to watch. But feeding the public's growing "Bush is bad" appetite by making the *24* prez evil took stones.

ALIAS

THE CRITIC SAYS

Season 2

"Jennifer Garner, Lena Olin, and Victor Garber comprised one of television's most deliciously dysfunctional families. The show never recovered after Olin backed out of another season."—*Malen*

OUR PICK

Season 1

Season two also gets props for its mid-season reboot and the mind-fuck finale. But we loved the old-school serialized feel of season one—with Sydney, in her parade of skimpy undercover outfits, captured at the end of every episode. And remember, the mama drama starts with this finale, when our heroine discovers that "the Man" she's been hunting down is her dead-for-almost-30-years mother.

THE SHIELD

THE CRITIC SAYS

Season 5

"When it comes to cop shows, the fifth season of *The Shield*—and its incredible finale—is one of the best. Kavanaugh [Forest Whitaker] goes right after Mackey and uses his ex-wife to do it. Great acting and intense drama."—*Hein*

OUR PICK

Season 1

Sure, Whitaker is the shit. And season four's Glenn Close was great, too. But when Vic Mackey killed a fellow Strike Team member in the very first episode, we knew he was more badass than any TV cop we'd ever seen. He kicked butt, took names, and got away with murder (literally). He hasn't let us down yet.

OLD-SCHOOL COMEDIES

CHEERS

THE CRITIC SAYS

SEASON 5

"The fifth season was Diane's last, which may have been great, depending on who you ask. It also brought back Nick Tortelli and introduced Eddie LeBec, Tan 'n' Wash, and TV's best food fight ever."—*Rachel Cericola, editor, TVFodder.com*

OUR PICK

Season 4

The overlapping romantic triangles take a backseat to Woody's arrival after Coach's death. The writers (and cast) came through, with Diane's experiment in inducing paranoia, a dead pilot at 20,000 feet, and Sam's affair with a politician. Plus, the hilariously repressed Lilith is introduced. We couldn't wait for her to let down her hair.

"What ever happened to Spearchucker Jones, Ugly John, Hip Jon, and Boone?"

M*A*S*H

THE CRITIC SAYS

SEASON 1

"What ever happened to Spearchucker Jones, Ugly John, Ho-Jon, and Boone? Some may think the cast was a bit cluttered, but so is war—and Alan Alda hadn't earned his soapbox to preach on just yet."—*Cericola*

OUR PICK

Season 2

We're generally okay with seasons one to five, before the writers got hell-bent on realism and started peppering the show with thinly veiled political statements. But there's something particularly endearing about the insanity of Frank blowing up the ammo dump, Frank and Hot Lips plotting a coup against Colonel Blake, and Radar's paternity suit.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FAR LEFT, LEFT, AND FAR RIGHT) EVERETT COLLECTION

HOT SINGLES

Not every show gets to limp past the decade mark, so we picked the gold-standard single episodes for some short-lived favorites.

BEAVIS AND BUTT-HEAD

"The Great Cornholio"

Beavis's sugar-fueled alter ego makes his official debut—he would later return as a beatnik poet and an INS deportee.

CHAPPELLE'S SHOW

"Ep. #204"

Charlie Murphy's recounting of high times with Rick James spawned the show's ubiquitous catchphrase. Only Chappelle himself knows if that's what brought on his permanent sabbatical.

ENTOURAGE

"Vegas Baby Vegas!"

Vince judges a stripping contest, Drama unwittingly hits on his male massager, and the posse fights with Seth Green.

THE OFFICE

"The Job"

Ryan's promotion/unceremonious Kelly dumping left us hungry for season four.

CURB YOUR ENTHUSIASM

"The Car Pool Lane"

Larry hires a hooker to ride shotgun so he can take the HOV lane to a Dodgers game. In a fittingly bizarre footnote, the footage provided an alibi for a murder suspect who said he was at the game.

JOKERS WILD

SOUTH PARK

THE CRITIC SAYS

Season 5

"If you have to choose only one, the fifth has the most memorable episodes overall. Watch 'Scott Tenorman Must Die,' 'It Hits the Fan,' 'Cripple Fight,' 'Towelie,' 'Osama Bin Laden Has Farty Pants,' and 'Kenny Dies' for animation you'll never see anywhere else."—*Hein*

OUR PICK

Season 1

We're not saying the show went downhill after that inaugural anal probe—we could give you a laundry list of worthy episodes—but before the writers knew what they could get away with, pairing up Jesus and a singing turd took some outsize testicles.

SEINFELD

THE CRITIC SAYS

Season 4

"The titles say it all: 'The Pitch,' 'The Pilot,' 'The Bubble Boy,' 'The Contest [Master of Your Domain],' 'The Pick' [Elaine's Christmas card and Kramer's Ocean cologne], 'The Outing' (not that there's anything wrong with that), and 'The Junior Mint.' "—*Hein*

OUR PICK

Season 4

It's hard to argue when a show is so obviously at the top of its game. If you've ever quoted *Seinfeld*, there's a 98 percent chance you were quoting this season, which also had Jerry's smelly car, Mulva/Dolores, and Elaine groping the "real and spectacular" boobs of Teri Hatcher.

THE SIMPSONS

THE CRITIC SAYS

Season 4

"I have to pick whatever season 'Marge vs. the Monorail' landed in. Phil Hartman's unforgettable con man truly was *The Simpsons* at its finest."—*Malen*

OUR PICK

Season 4

Again, we can't argue with perfection. Conan O'Brien's "Monorail" and "New Kid on the Block" (Homer's epic battle against the all-you-can-eat shrimp joint) were high points, with able assists from Krusty the Clown, "Whacking Day," Marge's shoplifting arrest, and the Big Brothers. Not to mention a clip show called "So It's Come to This."

SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE

THE CRITIC SAYS

Season 8

"While many think the original 'Not Ready for Prime-Time Players' had the most talent, the 1982-83 season highlighted the comedic talents of a very young and very funny Eddie Murphy."—*Cericola*

OUR PICK

Season 21

Apologies to Gumby/Mister Robinson, but the 1995 cast—with new regulars Will Ferrell, Cheri Oteri, Darrell Hammond, Chris Kattan, and Molly Shannon—saved the show after Chris Farley and Adam Sandler left. Granted, O. J. Simpson and the Clinton-Lewinsky scandal helped, but the birth of the Spartan cheerleaders, Mango, the Roxbury guys, and Mary Katherine Gallagher make 21 stand out.

TV ON DVD

Full Metal Packets

The studios know all about repackaging their old hits in shiny gift-worthy box sets. And some of them are even worth owning. These are our current favorites.
By Barbara Rice Thompson

FAMILY GUY FREAKIN' PARTY PACK
$150; 18 DISCS

Party at the Griffins! This set includes *Family Guy* volumes one to five, *Stewie: The Untold Story,* and a disc of new bonus features. The only extras for seasons one and two are Internet promos and commentary tracks, but things pick up after that. For season three, you get 24 deleted scenes that have not been available before; season-four and -five extras include a slew of featurettes and extended versions of several episodes with "optional censored audio tracks." Unfortunately, volume five was only the first half of season five—you'll still have to wait for the second part. This set does include Ping-Pong balls and paddles and—our favorite—*Family Guy* cards and poker chips. We've never seen gambling gear so perfect for strip poker. Somehow we're certain show creator Seth MacFarlane and company feel the same way.

This 18-disc set includes Ping-Pong balls, paddles, and *Family Guy* cards and poker chips.

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION THE COMPLETE SERIES
$440; 49 DISCS

Pop culture is rife with choices that can divide friends and families into opposing camps: Mary Ann or Ginger? Betty or Veronica? And, of course, Kirk or Picard? For evidence of Captain Picard's superiority, turn to this set of the first extension in the unbelievably successful *Star Trek* franchise. It includes bonus materials from previous season sets, plus all-new 20-years-later features on the show's "impact" and "legacy," and a roundtable discussion with the cast.

THE X-FILES THE COMPLETE COLLECTOR'S EDITION
$330; 61 DISCS

"The truth is out there" in a set that includes all 198 TV episodes, the 1998 feature film, a new disc of bonus features from the *Mythology* collections, a season-one comic book, art cards, and more. Only you can decide if you can handle this much David Duchovny when he's not screwing hot chicks on *Californication*, or if you even want those post-Mulder seasons.

MACGYVER THE COMPLETE SERIES
$196; 39 DISCS

MacGyver wiggled into the pop-culture pantheon just as smoothly as he finagled his way out of sticky situations. If you enjoy watching a dude escape the mental ward by picking a lock with a light bulb, you'll love this. But the pedestrian packaging is surprising. We figured they'd go all Rube Goldberg on us.

SEINFELD THE COMPLETE SERIES
$284; 33 DISCS

Yeah, we know, it's on TV five times a day. But you've never seen the "show about nothing" packaged with so much style. (Amazingly, all that nothing—180 episodes' worth!—requires *33* discs.) There are bonus features for all nine seasons, a new conversation with the cast, and the collectible "Official Coffee Table Book."

SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE THE BEST OF ...
$90; TEN DISCS

SNL delivers another collection of best-of discs. This time it's John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd, Adam Sandler, Chris Farley, Mike Myers, Phil Hartman, Will Ferrell, and hosts Tom Hanks, Christopher Walken, and Steve Martin. But this won't dispel the notion that *SNL* had way too many white guys. Why not include Eddie Murphy? Tracy Morgan? Tina Fey? And what about Bill Murray?

STARGATE SG-1 THE COMPLETE SERIES
$300; 54 DISCS

Check out this ten-season set in its futuristic metal case. Four discs of bonus features include behind-the-scenes documentaries on the geek-tastic effects and set design, a timeline, "From Stargate to Atlantis" features, and the *SG-1* directors series.

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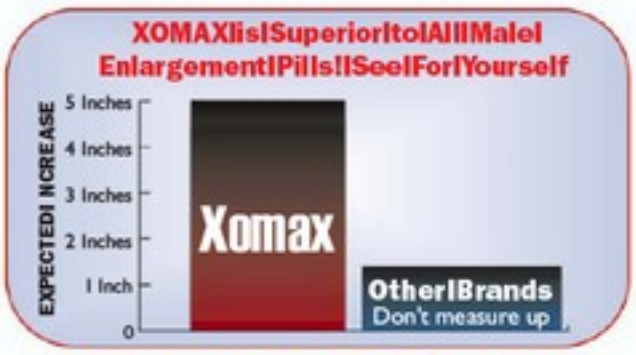

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War Without End

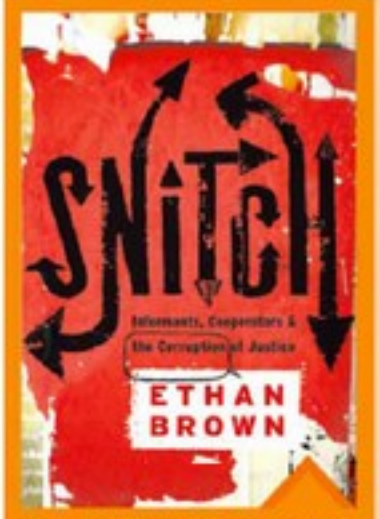
What if we never get out of Iraq? *Shooting War* could be America's future. By Rachel Kramer Bussel

The year is 2011. John McCain is president, we are still in Baghdad, and GlobalNews.com reporter Jimmy Burns, fresh from breaking the story of an attack on a Starbucks in hipster Williamsburg, Brooklyn, is sent to Iraq as "the blogger who's going to save the news." The expertly drawn *Shooting War* (Grand Central Publishing) depicts Burns's first day on the ground. From the moment he steps over a head severed during a suicide bombing, we are drawn into this cruel action almost against our will. Written by journalist and filmmaker Anthony Lappé (*True Lies*) and vividly rendered by artist Dan Goldman, this astute, timely, entertaining graphic novel exposes the brutality of war as well as the insipid way mainstream media reports it. For example, a teaser for the evening news alerts parents to stay tuned to learn what to do "when your child is hiding a Koran."

> This astute, timely graphic novel exposes the brutality of the war as well as the insipid way the mainstream media reports it. We're drawn into its cruel action almost against our will.

Jimmy gets an insider's view of Baghdad from the beautiful, outspoken translator Sameera, then dukes it out with insurgent Abu Adallah. There are flashes of humor embedded throughout the book. "This burger makes me feel sated yet vaguely disgusted with myself," Abu tells Jimmy, stuffing his face. "What I imagine it feels like to be American every day."

Shooting War is valuable because it predicts, in dramatic terms, the logical evolution of the war. Pundits say there's no good outcome. This book illustrates what that looks like.



SNITCH: INFORMANTS, COOPERATORS & THE CORRUPTION OF JUSTICE

By Ethan Brown
(Public Affairs)

This chilling investigative report explores an evil that affects almost every American. In measured prose brimming with dramatic examples, Brown delivers a shocking indictment of our criminal-justice system's corruption—a cancer that has metastasized due to the ill-conceived "war on drugs," which has not only failed miserably in its objective, but leads police and prosecutors to rely on dubious informants. This collapse of legitimate law enforcement gave rise to the "Stop Snitching" movement that began as a DVD about West Baltimore drug dealers and quickly became a national phenomenon. Although "Stop Snitching" was demonized by some in the media, Brown shows that it helped expose dirty cops and, more important, the corrupt system that fosters them.

Brown demonstrates that "snitch" justice is spreading from the war on drugs to the war on terror, where "informants and FBI agents concoct ... terror plots that wouldn't have otherwise existed." And in an epilogue that makes his book even more valuable, he spells out reasonable reforms that would not only restore faith in the police, but would actually encourage legitimate witnesses to cooperate with prosecutors.

Snitch is necessary reading as we go into a presidential election year. We should demand to know how our next president plans to repair our broken justice system.—*Peter Bloch*

24: THE OFFICIAL CTU OPERATIONS MANUAL

By Denise Kiernan and Joseph D'Agnese
(Quirk Books)

Usually we watch television to *avoid* reading, but these books will give addicts of these two popular shows a good fix while they're waiting for the next seasons to begin.

24: The Official CTU Operations Manual isn't just a companion guide to the hit show, but in its own weird way acts as a post-9/11 survival guide. The book, with a forward ostensibly written by Jack Bauer, reads like a lighthearted FBI training manual full of information ranging from how to fake your own death to treating a severed limb. One section provides step-by-step instructions on interrogating a suspect—look for nonverbal "tells" of deception, like "constantly shifting position, slouching, completely avoiding eye contact." And if your suspect is evading the truth, it's time to "request the torture specialist" (perhaps the most ardent enthusiasts could make a rousing game of "interrogation" out of it). And if you ever happen to be taken hostage by international terrorists, the guide advises you to "use their technology against them," and reveals how Bauer once configured his cellphone to act as a wireless transmitter to detonate an explosive device attached to a hostage-taker. You'll also learn how to handle the release of biological and chemical weapons, but it's probably best to leave that to the actual authorities.

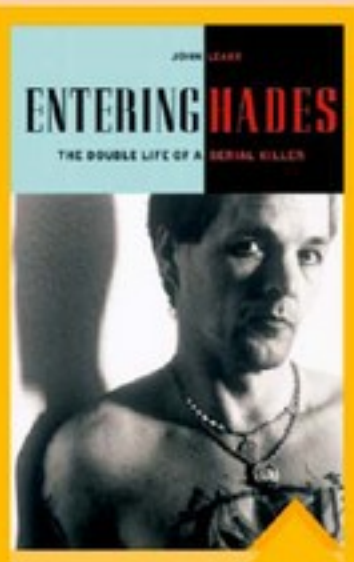
ENTOURAGE: A LIFESTYLE IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE

By Tim Swanson
(Pocket Books)

Entourage: A Lifestyle Is a Terrible Thing to Waste won't get you out of a hostage jam, but it will give you real-world advice for club hopping in L.A. It also provides more inside information than you would ever want to know about the HBO comedy. Episode guides, behind-the-scenes stories, and interviews make up most of the book. But honestly, how much do you need to know about Jerry Ferrara's similarities to Turtle? Kevin Connolly divulges stories about nights out with Derek Jeter and hanging with Suge Knight and Verne Troyer: "Verne Troyer's calling me 'E' and I'm like, 'Dude, that's not my name.'"

Connolly also shovels dirt on his infamous threesome scene with hotties Emmanuelle Chriqui and Malin Akerman—but it's not as dirty as you want it to be: "The girl's got Band-Aids on her nipples, you're sitting there in your underwear, and there are people working around you. It's far from 'Whoo! This is a good day at work.'" Fans will appreciate the scoop on the real-life Johnny Drama, who was hired by Donnie Wahlberg during his New Kids on the Block fame to take care of his younger brother Mark, who had just been released from prison. But the pages of backstage photos and "glamour" shots of the cast are a little goofy.

Both books will entertain the overly invested fan, but for the rest of us, tuning in for Jack Bauer's badassery and Vince and company's Hollywood antics is all the story we need.—*Raegan Johnson*



ENTERING HADES: THE DOUBLE LIFE OF A SERIAL KILLER

By John Leake
(Farrar, Straus and Giroux)

We don't know much about serial killers—perhaps that's why we're fascinated by them. From the still-unknown Jack the Ripper of Victorian London to the handsome, charismatic Ted Bundy, whose death in the electric chair disappointed dozens of would-be groupies, to the most famous of all—the fictional Hannibal Lecter, with his sadistic appetite—they are guaranteed to sell books, movie tickets, and newspapers.

But this investigation into the crimes of Johann "Jack" Unterweger delivers much more than the title promises. Thanks to Leake's extraordinary access to law-enforcement sources, the defending and prosecuting lawyers, Unterweger's diaries, and a few lucky women who somehow escaped his assaults, *Entering Hades* achieves a cinematic quality. The reader's perspective veers from Unterweger's twisted scheming to his victims' terror to the police's frustration from scrounging for enough evidence to arrest a man they were certain was guilty.

Unterweger was a brilliant writer and con man who thrived on seducing women, gullible intellectuals, and politicians who believed that criminals should not be punished but "resocialized." After serving 14 years for murder, he was released from prison as a "successfully rehabilitated offender" and lived large, a favorite of Vienna's radical chic. He was given subsidies by the Socialist government to write plays and novels—even as prostitutes were getting murdered and police considered him a prime suspect. He was given radio and magazine assignments to cover Austria's red-light districts, then actually traveled to Hollywood to cover the city's "dark side" for a radio program. Shortly thereafter, in the summer of 1991, three hookers were found murdered in Los Angeles.

By then, police on two continents were pursuing him, but Unterweger loved playing cat and mouse with them as he continued to conquer women—and kill many of them. ("I was just amazed by his sweet-little-boy appearance," one young woman said. "I can't imagine a more harmless-looking man. No wonder he's so dangerous.") All the while, Leake was pitting "his fans against his critics, cops against journalists, intellectuals against ordinary people, and political party against political party."

That's an achievement that would impress even Hannibal Lecter. But unlike *The Silence of the Lambs*, Unterweger's story is real and the conclusion isn't surprising. It's the only predictable part of this compelling book.—*P.B.*

ENTOURAGE PHOTOGRAPH BY THE EVERETT COLLECTION

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Hooch for the Holidays

What do your parents, your roommate, and your fuck buddy all have in common? They're all tired of your lame presents. Follow our liquid gift guide and they'll unwrap some *real* cheer this year.

By Abigail Aronofsky Photographs by Nick Ferrari

What to Get ...

THE BOSS YOU LIKE/ THE BOSS YOU DON'T
Rum has gotten increasingly sophisticated in recent years, and Oronoco's leather-covered bottle ($35) looks so swanky, your favorite boss will think you blew your holiday bonus on him. Then, you can put one over on the boss you can't stand—but are forced to suck up to—with Cockspur ($20). The bottle says it all.

YOUR ROOMMATE
For the dude who sometimes remembers to buy toilet paper and good-naturedly lets you beat his ass in *Madden*, Pocket Shot ($2) makes a pretty sweet stocking stuffer. Each pouch is virtually indestructible and metal detector-proof, unlike a flask—think of it as the Nalgene bottle of liquor receptacles.

YOUR FUCK BUDDY
She's always up for a 2 A.M. stopover and she never asks to spend the night. How do you show your appreciation? Flowers or jewelry may inadvertently land you in boyfriend territory, so show your affection with a noncommittal yet girl-*friendly* bottle of Pinky Vodka ($23).

HOLIDAY PARTY
It's best to avoid bartending at your own parties unless your guests have signed limited-liability waivers. But you're doomed to a sausage fest if you only serve beer. What to do? Smirnoff Vodka Mojito ($13) goes down easy with the ladies and doesn't require messy mixology.

YOUR FOLKS
Nothing brings together the family like seeing Grandma down a tequila shot, and Jose Cuervo Reserva de la Familia ($100) is smooth enough to savor straight. A different artist designs a collectible wooden box every year, resulting in a much better tradition than those Hallmark ornaments.

YOUR GIRL'S PARENTS
Want to take their minds off all those nasty things you're doing to their daughter? B&B ($40) is a combination of brandy and Benedictine liqueur—which is made by very chaste French monks—that's so unassumingly potent, you'll be able to sneak into her childhood bedroom without setting off the parental radar.

Screen Saviors

Rescue yourself from the dullness of standard definition

By Chuck Tannert

Most television shows aren't worth the TiVo space, but even drivel can be watchable when it's in high-definition. Luckily, prices have plummeted, while the number of HD channels has escalated, which helps explain why flat-screen sales more than doubled over the past year. So the burning question isn't whether to buy one, but what kind to buy: LCD or plasma? Plasmas deliver a slightly more detailed, brighter picture, but LCDs are expected to last longer. So get up off the couch and introduce your eyes to the next generation of TV.

PANASONIC
TH-42PZ700U 42-INCH (PLASMA)
$2,000

This is one of the best-performing sets of any size. Its deep black levels and realistic shadow detail produce a commendably clean image. Normally muddied image subtleties, like background textures, can be seen in gorgeous detail on this plasma. The screen's color accuracy is average, but that's not enough to spoil an excellent picture that looks clean and sharp, and brims with robust tones. Get this TV, it has the best picture in its class.

VIZIO IS SYNONYMOUS WITH VALUE, AND WITH THIS 60-INCHER, PEOPLE WHO WANT A REALLY LARGE PICTURE CAN FINALLY AFFORD TO GO FLAT.

SAMSUNG
LN-T4665 46-INCH (LCD)
$2,800

The image quality of LCD HDTVs has improved by leaps and bounds over the past few years, and Samsung has helped lead the way. This 46-inch beauty delivers one of the best LCD pictures we've seen—comparable to some of the best plasmas on the market. It produces deep blacks with excellent shadow detail (an area that usually takes a backseat to plasmas), and color accuracy is impressive, if not stellar—images are sharp and crisp. Unfortunately, the glossy screen creates too many distracting reflections.

SHARP HAS ALWAYS HAD A GAME MODE ON ITS HDTVs, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME IT'S MARKETING SPECIFICALLY TO GAMERS.

Flat-Screen Fundamentals

What to know before you buy

1 PICTURE QUALITY: The resolution indicates how detailed a set's picture will look. Don't buy a set with less than 720p. Pony up for one with 1080p, the high-def industry standard.

2 BLACK LEVEL: This is the level of brightness at the darkest (black) part of an image. If the black is off, a set lacks detail and lines look blurred.

3 SCREEN PLACEMENT: To determine where to position your HDTV, multiply the screen size by 1.5: A 42-inch set should be five to six feet from your couch or bed.

4 CONNECTIVITY: If you want HD, make sure your flatty has at least one HDMI interface. Your old wires can't carry the signal.

5 AUDIO: Don't expect great sound. The quality of built-in speakers is typically poor. Hook up your set to a home theater or an easy-to-install soundbar to add more boom.

6 WALL MOUNT: Unless you're a home-improvement guy, get a pro to wall-mount your set. It's surprisingly difficult to hang a 50-pound set.

VIZIO
VX32L 32-INCH (LCD)
$1,700

It's not the least expensive 32-inch LCD on the market, but the Vizio offers a bigger bang for your buck than any other bargain set we've reviewed. It has every feature you would expect, including two HDMI inputs and a PC input. Picture quality is decent: The screen handles darker scenes relatively well for an LCD, but shadow detail is slightly disappointing. Color accuracy is spectacular, though. This is one of the best values at this size.

VIZIO
VM60PHDTV 60-INCH (PLASMA)
$2,600

Vizio is synonymous with value, but we were still surprised by the light price tag on this 60-incher—a plasma for the price of a rear-projector TV. Now, people who want a really large picture can afford to go flat. Though it's only an average-quality plasma picture, it does have an excellent feature set, including four HDMI inputs and a computer input. On the picture front, black-level performance and color accuracy could've been better, but considering the price, this display delivers surprisingly vivid and natural-looking colors.

SHARP
37GP1U 37-INCH (LCD)
$1,600

Sharp has always had a game mode on its HDTVs, but this is the first time it's marketing specifically to gamers—advertising a brighter picture setting and a shorter lag time between the controller and set. Though it doesn't deliver any more to gamers than your typical LCD, it includes three HDMI inputs and a DVI input for PC friendliness. The screen delivers a good picture, but colors are oversaturated and make skin look unnaturally flushed.

Streets of Fire

From chic choppers to cruise missiles with saddlebags, these new street bikes will make 2008 a very hot year.

By Bill Heald

With the price of gas approaching Evian territory and polar bears watching their yards melt away, it's nice to finally have a "selfless," even "noble," reason to visit a motorcycle dealership. By God, you're a responsible citizen who wants to reduce our use of foreign crude, fight global warming, ease parking congestion, and shorten commuting time to enhance productivity! And if in order to do these things you need to score an awesomely powerful autobahn burner or stylish chrome stallion, so be it. The truth is, buying a 2008 bike doesn't make sense only if you want to save gas; the top manufacturers have cobbled together some of the baddest machines ever to grace the boulevard in every category. Motorcycles are faster, lighter, and more Velcro-like in how they cling to the tarmac, and scooters are even growing extra wheels. Want to cool down the planet with some hot hardware? Now's your chance. Your ride has arrived.

WHY NOT TAKE THE FASTEST BIKE SUZUKI'S EVER CRAFTED AND RIP ITS CLOTHES OFF?

SUZUKI B-KING
$12,899

The Suzuki Hayabusa sport bike is named after a wicked Japanese falcon and flirts with a 200-mph top speed. The B-King takes the same 1,340-cc engine and loses the burka-like bodywork, as if all that plastic blew off during a blast down a deserted interstate. A slick system called Suzuki Drive Mode Selector allows you to pick an engine response curve to tune down the beast when you need to chill around town. Acceleration is brisk, to say the least, and the six-speed transmission has a torque-limiting clutch to smooth downshifts when you finally slow back down. All the latest chassis goodies are here, including an aluminum twin-spar frame, awesome brakes, and an inverted front fork with a fully adjustable single rear shock. Also standard is a certain menacing gothic appearance that implies you're the baddest dude in town, so act accordingly.

KAWASAKI CONCOURS 14
$13,799

In 2006, Kawasaki gave us the ZX-14 sport bike, which is armed with a massive 1,352-cc inline four that's capable of yanking your arms from their sockets when you give the throttle a hard twist. Also in the stable was the Concours, Kawasaki's legendary sport tourer that needed a fresh start after two decades of service. The Concours 14 is a ground-up new motorcycle that not only has the ZX-14's stunning engine, but also a Monocoque chassis that is as modern as the bike it replaced was dated. Fully adjustable suspension components let you fine-tune the ride and handling to your tastes, while shaft drive eases maintenance. Comfort and performance blend together seamlessly in this all-day mile-muncher, and standard hard luggage, available ABS, and a 5.8-gallon gas tank close the deal. Kawasaki calls it a Transcontinental Supersport Tourer; we call it brilliant.

A TOURING ICON IS REBORN, COMPLETE WITH A MONSTER ENGINE FOR THE LONG HAUL.

DUCATI HYPERMOTARD
$11,995

One of the coolest things about motorcycles is how the racing world influences the styling and engineering found in street bikes. The Ducati Hypermotard is the product of a new style of racing that began several years ago, when a bunch of racers took some dirt bikes, put street tires on them, and started competing on tight, curvy tracks with both paved and dirt sections. They discovered that not only was this Supermotard racing a blast, but the bikes proved competent at just about everything. Ducati's Hypermotard embraces this new genre in both form and function, resulting in a thrilling, aggressive street ride. Powered by a torque-rich 1,078-cc air-cooled L-twin with plenty of low-down muscle and a throaty exhaust note, the Hypermotard's light weight, short wheelbase, and wide handlebars make it the ultimate street-carver. In typical Ducati fashion, the designers have taken what could be a stylistically ugly duckling (thanks to its dirt-bike origins) and made it hot, sexy, and brilliantly well-proportioned. A more expensive high-performance *S* version with suspension, brake, tire, and other upgrades makes this stout stallion even more desirable.

TAKING STYLE CUES FROM THE STREET, DIRT, AND RACETRACKS, DUCATI HAS BLENDED DISCIPLINES AND CREATED ROLLING MAGIC.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON SOFTAIL ROCKER
$15,895

One of the toughest challenges facing Harley-Davidson is maintaining its famous look while modernizing its bikes with contemporary style. The new Softail Rocker takes the custom-chopper concept and blends it into classic Softail architecture, creating a striking, head-turning machine infused with modern Harley functionality. The rear fender is fixed to the swingarm, so both tire and fender float over bumps together, which is pretty cool. The engine is Harley's impressive Twin Cam 96B, which is counterbalanced for smoothness and solidly mounted in the frame for chassis rigidity. Adding to this ride's widespread appeal is a six-speed transmission that makes high-speed cruising a breeze.

AMERICA'S IRON ICON BREAKS NEW GROUND WITH CUSTOM STYLING THAT BLOWS AWAY THE NOTION THAT STOCK MEANS BORING.

PIAGGIO MP3
$7,000

For as long as there have been motorcycles, bicycles, and scooters, there have been creative (and occasionally twisted) engineers who have done some wild things to improve the two-wheel breed. Piaggio has been building scooters ranging from mild to wild since 1946, and when you see its bizarre MP3, you might think you left your 3-D glasses on after viewing an IMAX flick. But there *is* a pair of wheels connected to the front handlebars, allowing the MP3 to deliver feet-up stability at stops while still steering like a two-wheeled scooter. The witchcraft is in the four aluminum arms and twin tubes of the front suspension, which allows the front wheels to tilt at speed. Push a button as you roll to a stop and the wheels lock into place, so the MP3

BUELL 1125R
$11,995

Erik Buell has been building singular motorcycles for decades, but it wasn't until Harley-Davidson purchased most of his company a few years ago that he got a much-needed influx of money and resources to help him realize his dreams. And while his unique chassis designs (including carrying the fuel in the frame and massive front disc brakes that run the perimeter of the wheel) have won accolades, the engines have been lacking in serious thrust. Unlike past Buells that used a reworked Harley Sportster air-cooled V-twin, the all-new 1125R has a raucous liquid-cooled V-twin by famed Austrian engine builder Rotax. The engine has improved not only due to the heat management that liquid cooling provides; it's also smoother and considerably stronger than the twin it replaced. This innovative and ambitious Buell is graced with top-shelf suspension components, twin radiators with massive, funky shrouds, and a clean, low-maintenance belt final drive. Aggressive steering geometry and a light, 375-pound dry weight add razor-sharp handling to the new motor's muscle, making the 1125R a serious competitor on street and track.

THE ALWAYS QUIRKY AND UNIQUE BUELL HAS TAKEN A QUANTUM PERFORMANCE LEAP WITH A FRESH ENGINE AND SERIOUS ATTITUDE.

APRILIA BUILDS AN ELEGANT MIDDLEWEIGHT, MELDING FORM AND FUNCTION INTO ART YOU CAN RIDE.

APRILIA SL 750 SHIVER
$9,000

The Italian manufacturer Aprilia is famous for taking the finest components and making potent, beautiful motorcycles out of them. This protocol has been successful on the street and in competition, but the company has always wanted to do more in-house manufacturing. The new naked Shiver features Aprilia's own engine (unlike the Rotax-supplied mills of the past), a 749-cc 90-degree V-twin with liquid cooling and very sophisticated engine management, including "Ride by Wire" throttle control. The bike's electronics run through an instrument panel that also functions as a diagnostic terminal, greatly simplifying the system and reducing weight. The engine's power is a respectable 95 horsepower, thanks in part to a free-flow stainless-steel exhaust system. The chassis is a study in tasteful minimalism, with a rigid tubular steel trellis that is amazingly light and strong. As with all Aprilias, there are no sloppy welds or components that look bolted on as an afterthought. The Shiver is gloriously sculpted and wonderfully functional, a great new player from a company that values style and engineering in equal measure.

stays upright. It's ingenious, and it improves steering stability on uneven surfaces. It also makes parking unusually easy because you don't have to use the machine's stand at all. Since you've got an upright three-wheeled vehicle, you can just jump off and walk away on just about any kind of terrain. The chassis is not just innovative in terms of the front wheels, either. Piaggio threw everything the engineers had at this thing—including acronyms. The frame is created through the use of Computer Aided Design (CAD) along with Finite Element Method (FEM). This resulted in a backbone of high-strength, low-weight steel; even though the MP3 has all the three-wheeled hardware, the scooter avoids excessive heftiness. Wheels are 12-inch units, with a fatter tire fitted to the rear. Braking, aided by the extra tire and its contact patch with the pavement, is excellent. Power comes from a 244-cc fuel-injected single-cylinder engine coupled to a clutchless, continuously variable transmission. A 3.2-gallon tank delivers excellent range, which is good because folks will pepper you with questions every time you stop for gas.

2008 Pet of the Year Playoff

Who's your favorite Pet? Is it Kimberly, Andie, Justine, or Hanna? Each girl is worthy of the title, but only you can choose our 2008 Pet of the Year. See page 52 to find out how to help pick the successor to Heather Vandeven, our 2007 Pet of the Year.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVERY

Olivia Kent

Photographs by Ken Marcus

"Dare me to do anything and I'll do it," says this 21-year-old blonde daredevil from Pennsylvania. She says she once entered amateur night at a strip club with her own unique style: "I just walked around naked and won first place." She also likes to venture into the unknown. "My ultimate fantasy is to be tied up and blindfolded. I love not knowing what will happen next!"

Vital stats: 34-26-33

Hanna Hilton

Photographs by J. Stephen Hicks

She's a 21-year-old blonde bombshell who loves a man in uniform: "The hottest sex I ever had was with a soldier." This small-town girl from Indiana loves being the talk of the town: "I make sure to give 'em stories worth talking about." But she wants to trade those small-town surroundings for Hollywood and find fame as an actress.

Vital stats: 34-24-34

Erica Ellyson

Photographs by Mark Lit for Hicks Photo

You can't resist a Southern belle who works for the Marine Corps PX. She's studying to be an architect, and dreams of purchasing property on a lake and designing her dream home. For now, 23-year-old Erica prefers to spend most of her time in Tennessee's Great Smoky Mountains: "You can go rafting, horseback riding, hiking, and there are tons of other activities."

Vital stats: 34-24-34

Stormy Daniels

Photographs by Brett Bereny

Stormy is one of the hottest porn stars in the world, but her favorite sexual experience took place atop a pyramid in Mexico—in broad daylight! But the 27-year-old with the killer body from Baton Rouge stays true to her Southern roots. "If I won a million dollars," she says, "I'd donate half of it to help rebuild New Orleans, then splurge with the other half and buy myself a really nice show horse."

Vital stats: 36DD-24-36

Erica Campbell

Photographs by J. Stephen Hicks

This New Hampshire native is a country girl at heart. The 25-year-old enjoys spending her time "working on my farm and caring for my animals. It's a labor of love." If she could, she'd start up a big rescue organization for unwanted animals. But the brunette beauty also loves modeling: "I think it's so much fun to be able to play different parts and explore my sexuality."

Vital stats: 36-26-36

Andie Valentino

Photographs by Misha

Andie is in a league of her own. "I'm not like anyone you've ever met," says the 19-year-old Floridian. "I've got your back as long as you've got mine." And randy Andie really means it, because when she's not stripping off her clothes and showing us what she's made of, the hottie is training to be an EMT.

Vital stats: 34-25-36

Kimberly Williams

Photographs by Misha

She's a former high-flying flight attendant and Florida native who loves rock 'n' roll and says she once "made love in an airplane hangar while restocking a plane." The 28-year-old loves all eighties music and likes to get down to her favorite hair metal: "My theme song is 'Here I Go Again,' by Whitesnake."

Vital stats: 36-24-36

Jana Jordan

Photographs by Misha

This petite blonde was a wild child in her small Texas hometown. "Sometimes I went to school without wearing panties and I'd pull my skirt up and walk down the hallway," she tells us. Now, the 21-year-old California transplant loves to shop at all the hottest L.A. boutiques with her little chihuahua Bugglegum. But we think you'll agree that she looks better with her clothes off.

Vital stats: 32-24-32

Justine Joli

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker

This fiery redhead is hot for geeky sci fi and all things Harry Potter. "I'm a nerd and a complete goofball," she says. But the 26-year-old has a serious wild streak. She's been bungee jumping naked, had sex in an airplane bathroom, and once, after some girl punched her, she "threw her through a window."

Vital stats: 34-24-35

Lux Kassidy

Photographs by Jonathan Anderson

We'd love to try keeping up with this 22-year-old, who can't get enough of Sin City's jumping clubs and endless nights. But how does this hot model maintain her fantastic form? This party girl, who isn't trying to impress anyone but herself, says, "I go to the gym every day, but my favorite workout is being on top during sex—that way I don't have to do cardio."

Vital stats: 34-24-34

Jaime Hammer

Photographs by Misha

This sun devil loved her Arizona State days because "every day there were pool parties and people getting hammered." Now, the 25-year-old loves to make the first move. "If I'm interested in someone, I'll kind of stare and make eye contact," she says. "If he's digging it, then I approach him." But with that killer bod, we can't imagine anybody turning her down.

Vital stats: 32-24-33

Adrienne Manning

Photographs by Penthouse Studios

This 21-year-old University of Nebraska student can usually be found at home studying, but after a few shots of tequila, Adrienne really gets wild—she once "jumped off a roof into a pool naked." Eventually this cornhusker wants to settle down "anyplace where the weather is warm, the people are cool, and there are nude beaches." We just hope she tells us where that paradise is.

Vital stats: 34-25-36

2008 Pet of the Year

JANUARY

Olivia Kent
KEYWORD: JAN

FEBRUARY

Hanna Hilton
KEYWORD: FEB

MARCH

Erica Ellyson
KEYWORD: MAR

APRIL

Stormy Daniels
KEYWORD: APR

MAY

Erica Campbell
KEYWORD: MAY

JUNE

Andie Valentino
KEYWORD: JUN

JULY

Kimberly Williams
KEYWORD: JUL

AUGUST

Jana Jordan
KEYWORD: AUG

SEPTEMBER

Justine Joli
KEYWORD: SEP

OCTOBER

Lux Kassidy
KEYWORD: OCT

NOVEMBER

Jaime Hammer
KEYWORD: NOV

DECEMBER

Adrienne Manning
KEYWORD: DEC

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2. Enter the keyword of your favorite Pet
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EXAMPLE

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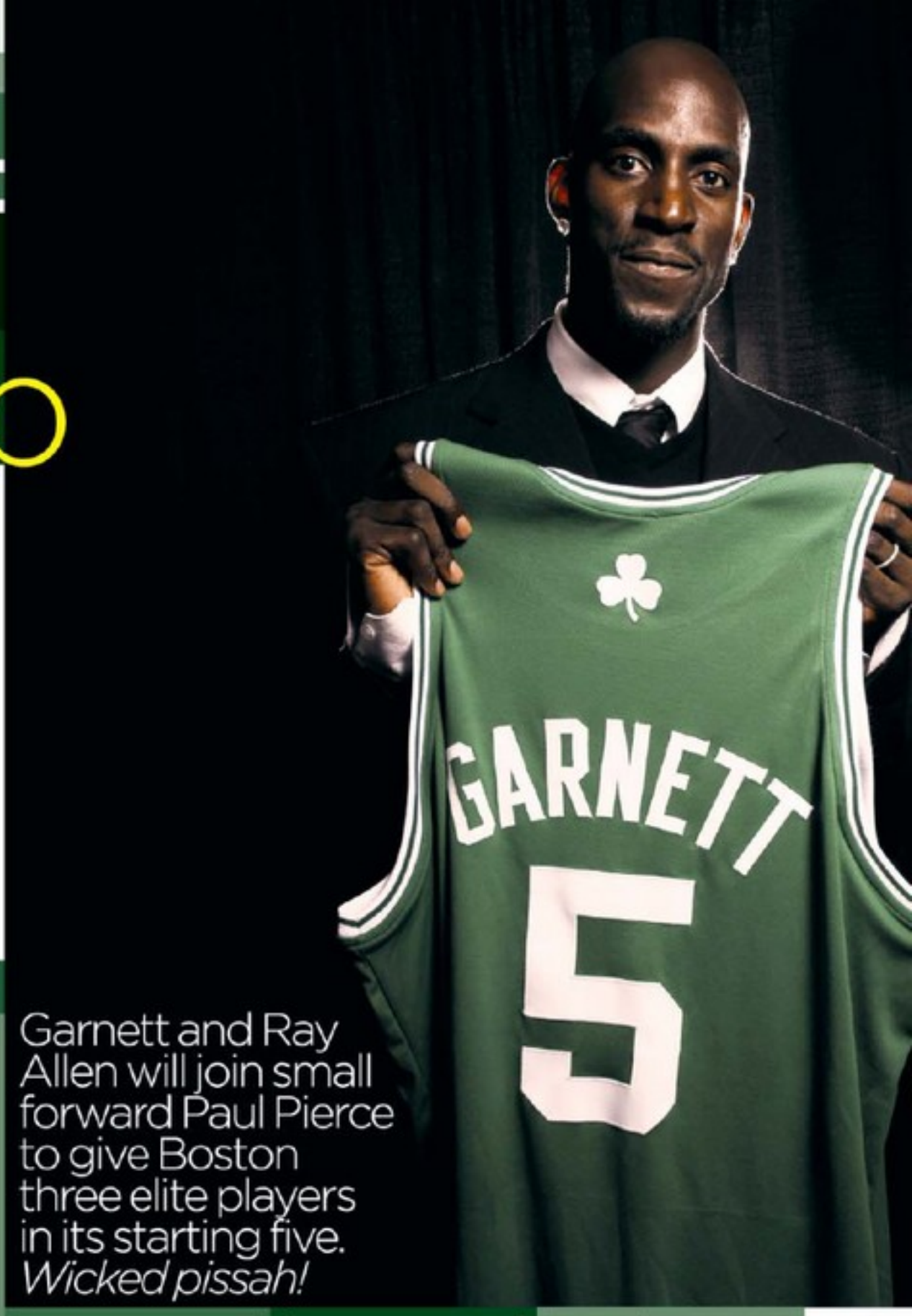
2007–08 NBA PREVIEW

NBA Checkup

While the East took an off-season dose of several All-Stars, make no mistake: The West—with a rising contender in Houston—is still the best.

From the blockbuster trades in Boston to the fallout from the case of the crooked ref to the arrival of superstar-in-waiting Kevin Durant, the 2007–08 NBA season promises to be one of the most robust in recent memory. We got this season's contenders to turn their heads and cough.



Garnett and Ray Allen will join small forward Paul Pierce to give Boston three elite players in its starting five. *Wicked pissah!*

Eastern Conference

1. PATIENT
Chicago Bulls

HISTORY
Six titles between 1991 and '98 with former Minor League Baseball washout Michael Jordan in charge. Nothing since then, but the current team is gunning to change that.

DIAGNOSIS
Pronounced playoff inexperience, but they swept Miami in the first round last year, then battled Detroit. They've added the goofy yet effective **Joakim Noah** and veteran **Joe Smith** to a frontcourt that includes **Tyrus Thomas** and **Andres Nocioni**.

PROGNOSIS
Despite the Kevin Garnett–Ray Allen tectonic power shift, the East is still wide open, and the Bulls are going to win it.

2. PATIENT
Cleveland Cavaliers

HISTORY
The Cavs of the late eighties and early nineties were tight, with Ron Harper, Brad Daugherty, Larry Nance, Craig Ehlo, and Mark Price. Then they wandered in the desert until King James arrived and led them to last year's finals.

DIAGNOSIS
Terminal roster imbalance; marked tendency to stand motionless and watch No. 23. They had no draft picks last spring, and they failed to make a deal for Sacramento's Mike Bibby, which would've given them a genuine point guard and a shooter to take some pressure off LeBron.

PROGNOSIS
They're the champs in the East until someone, such as Chicago, proves otherwise.

3. PATIENT
Boston Celtics

HISTORY
Richest in the league with a record 16 NBA titles, which makes their dreadful recent past that much more painful.

DIAGNOSIS
Acute palpitations over the dramatic off-season moves that brought All-Stars **Ray Allen** and **Kevin Garnett** to the Hub. They join small forward **Paul Pierce** to give Boston three elite players in its starting five. *Wicked pissah!* But their roster is wafer-thin beyond the Big Three, so the Celts will sink if injury hits. Point guard **Rajon Rondo** is not ready for prime time; neither is coach **Doc Rivers**.

PROGNOSIS
We're calling for 49 wins and a second-round exit.

4. PATIENT
New Jersey Nets

HISTORY
It began in the ABA with Dr. J and championships in '74 and '76. The Nets reached the NBA finals in 2002 and '03, and took finals runners-up Cleveland to six games in last season's Eastern Conference semis.

DIAGNOSIS
Chronic fan indifference; looming relocation (Brooklyn 2009?); advancing age: **Jason Kidd** turns 35 in March; **Vince Carter** turns 31 in January. But they added big man **Jamaal Magloire, Nenad Krstic** returns from injury, and with Richard Jefferson, Vince, and Kidd—all healthy again—the team has a core to compete with any in the East.

PROGNOSIS
And compete they will—to the Eastern Conference semifinals.

5. PATIENT
Detroit Pistons

HISTORY
Born in Fort Wayne in '41, moved to Detroit in '57, won NBA titles in '89, '90, and 2004.

DIAGNOSIS
Physical decline associated with old age: **Antonio McDyess** is 33, **Rasheed Wallace** is 33, and **Chris Webber** turns 35 this season. They could've used a roster shakeup. They locked up point guard **Chauncey Billups** (31) with a new contract, and added perimeter players **Jarvis Hayes, Rodney Stuckey,** and **Arron Afflalo,** but Detroit will drop to third in the Central this season. Still, keep an eye on **Amir Johnson,** who's grown from six nine to six eleven since being drafted in 2005.

PROGNOSIS
They'll be hard-pressed to

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NBAE/GETTY IMAGES AND (BOTTOM RIGHT) GETTY IMAGES

By John Bolster

While the Big Ticket (left) makes hoops a *hot* ticket in Beantown once again, the Celtics will have to contend with New Jersey's Kidd (upper right) and Miami's Wade (right) in the up-for-grabs Eastern Conference.

get past the first round of the playoffs.

6. PATIENT
Orlando Magic

HISTORY
In 19 years of existence, the Magic have suited up Shaquille O'Neal, Tracy McGrady, Penny Hardaway, and ... Darko Milicic, but the 1995 Eastern Conference title is all they have to show for it.

DIAGNOSIS
Offensively anemic; wildly free-spending. The Magic threw $110 million at former Seattle forward Rashard Lewis. His outside game will complement inside beast Dwight Howard, but (understatement ahead) the Magic overpaid. The addition of coach Stan Van Gundy could be as important as the Lewis pickup, and if Jameer Nelson and J. J. Redick (remember him?) step up, the Magic could make some noise.

PROGNOSIS
Van Gundy will relish battling Miami and Pat Riley for the Southeast title, but Orlando won't go far in the postseason.

7. PATIENT
Toronto Raptors

HISTORY
Slight, like last season's Atlantic Division, which they won comfortably with a 47-35 record.

DIAGNOSIS
Front-Office Passivity Syndrome; apparently Toronto brass assumed they just had to keep their division-winning core intact. They did add perimeter shooters Jason Kapono and Carlos Delfino, and Chris Bosh is a blossoming superstar, but the rest of the Atlantic has improved significantly.

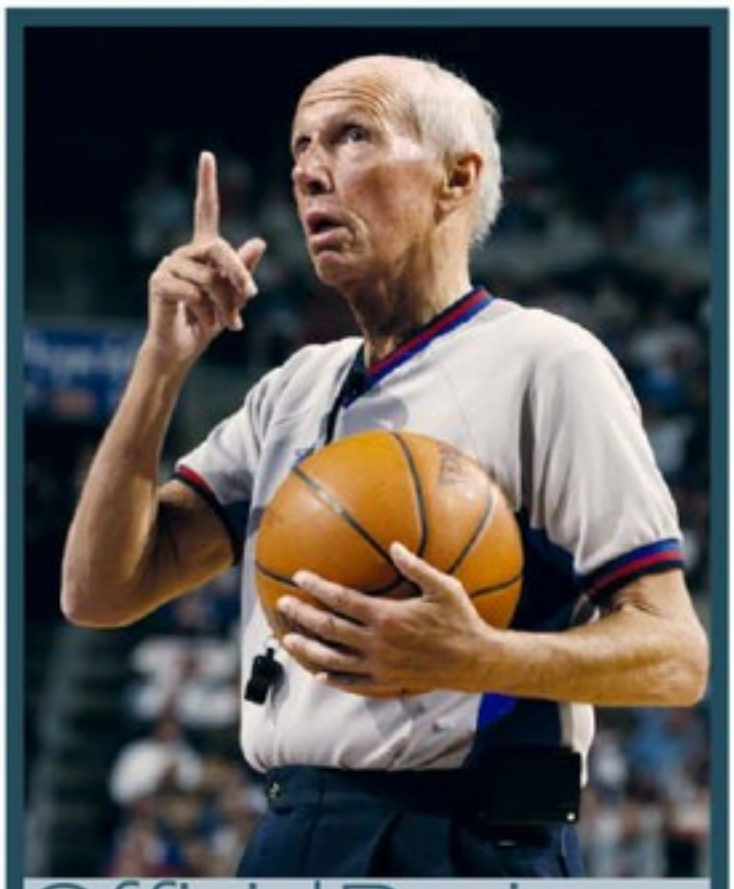
PROGNOSIS
No division title this year, but a seventh-seed in the playoffs, followed by a first-round exit.

8. PATIENT
Miami Heat

HISTORY
The Heat have won seven division titles and one championship (2006)—impressive for a team born in 1988.

DIAGNOSIS
Advancing age; lead-footedness; sprained right medial collateral ligament—and that's just Shaquille O'Neal. But it could apply to the rest of the team, which the Bulls jettisoned from last season's playoffs in four games. It's tough to count out Shaq and a healthy Dwyane Wade, but there are still huge questions in Miami—and new signee Penny Hardaway (36) is not the answer to any of them.

PROGNOSIS
They'll squeak into the eighth seed, then repeat last year's first-round exit.



Official Business

David Stern would like you to know that Tim Donaghy is not the only NBA ref out there. The league has many upstanding and far more interesting officials. Here are five of our favorites. By Peter Schrager

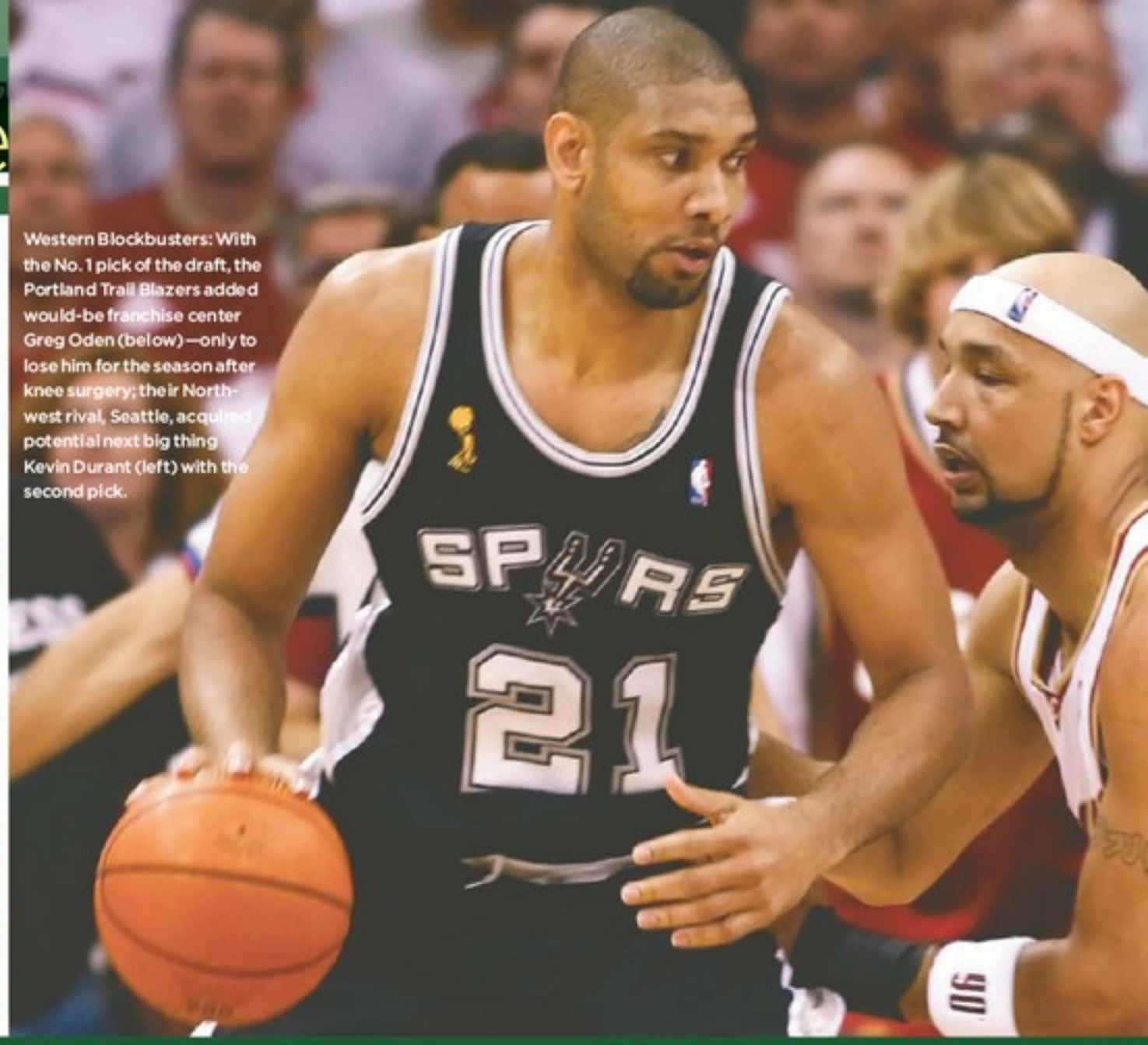
NAME: DICK BAVETTA
AGE: 67
NBA TENURE: 32 YEARS
You might know him for: his footrace for charity against Charles Barkley during the 2007 NBA All-Star Weekend in Las Vegas. Despite a dive at the end, Bavetta (above) lost.
Would like to forget: when Heat guard Tim Hardaway, after a hard-fought playoff loss to New York, referred to him as "Knick" Bavetta.
You might mistake him for: Uncle Junior from *The Sopranos*

NAME: JOEY CRAWFORD
AGE: 56
NBA TENURE: 30 YEARS
Would like to be known for: working more playoff (266) and NBA Finals games (38) than any active referee
Would like to forget: his pissing contest with Tim Duncan during a game last April; the verbal spat got Crawford suspended for the 2007 playoffs
You might mistake him for: Safe cracker Garth Pancake from *The Ladykillers* (J. K. Simmons)

NAME: STEVE JAVIE
AGE: 52
NBA TENURE: 21 YEARS
Would like to be known for: refereeing Michael Jordan's final game
Would like to forget: ejecting the Washington Bullets *mascot* in a 1991 game
You might mistake him for: Ray Liotta's Henry Hill in *Goodfellas*

NAME: BOB DELANEY
AGE: 56
NBA TENURE: 20 YEARS
You'd be surprised to learn: he was an undercover cop in "Operation Alpha" in the mid-seventies. For three years, he assumed the identity of "Bobby Covert" and helped bring down the New Jersey mob.
Would like to forget: Lakers coach Phil Jackson accusing him of being "prejudiced" against Shaquille O'Neal
You might mistake him for: "Mr. Blonde" from *Reservoir Dogs* (Michael Madsen)

NAME: BENNETT SALVATORE
AGE: 57
NBA TENURE: 25 YEARS
Would like to be known for: owning Bennett's, an upscale steakhouse in Stamford, Connecticut. A *New York Times* review called it "a beef fancier's paradise."
Would like to forget: doing a year of probation and 150 hours of community service in 2000 for his role in airline-ticket fraud.
You might mistake him for: *The Sopranos'* Paulie Walnuts



Western Blockbusters: With the No. 1 pick of the draft, the Portland Trail Blazers added would-be franchise center Greg Oden (below)—only to lose him for the season after knee surgery; their Northwest rival, Seattle, acquired potential next big thing Kevin Durant (left) with the second pick.

Western Conference

1. PATIENT
Dallas Mavericks

HISTORY
Decent in the 1980s, wretched in the '90s. But since **Mark Cuban** bought the team in 2000, the Mavs haven't missed the playoffs, and in 2006, they reached the NBA Finals. Last year, Dallas went a league-best 67-15—only to lose in the first round of the playoffs to eighth-seeded Golden State.

DIAGNOSIS
Nausea; psychological trauma over first-round playoff loss; co-existing, curiously, with acute Front-Office Passivity Syndrome. Dallas made no significant off-season acquisitions. Also, severe judgment lapse as Cuban appeared on *Dancing With the Stars*. The loss to Golden State was spectacular, but this team won 67 games last year and has the reigning MVP in **Dirk Nowitzki**.

PROGNOSIS
They'll be right back, hungrier than ever. This is the Mavs' year.

2. PATIENT
Phoenix Suns

HISTORY
They've played in two NBA Finals and won six Pacific division titles, including the last three, but the Suns have never won a championship.

DIAGNOSIS
Mild delusional disorder (characterized by acute, intense euphoria), caused by the team's exciting, up-tempo offense, concurrent with marked denial of its soft defense—which got softer when forward Kurt Thomas was traded to Seattle. Forward **Shawn Marion** has gripes about his role on offense—they won't go away with the arrival of **Grant Hill**. But the Suns will continue to be the most entertaining team in the league as **Steve Nash** sets the table for **Marion, Amare Stoudemire,** and now **Hill**.

PROGNOSIS
Phoenix lacks the D and the depth to survive the brutal Western Conference playoffs.

3. PATIENT
San Antonio Spurs

HISTORY
Reigning NBA champs, with four titles in the past nine years. Center **Tim Duncan** might be the best player in the league.

DIAGNOSIS
Acute Dangerfield Syndrome—the Spurs don't get the respect they deserve; they suffer irrational accusations of being boring and display signs of apathy, as the only off-season move they made was to sign defensive stopper and gunner **Ime Udoka** while letting go of the rights to Argentine power forward Luis Scola. Lastly, will **Tony Parker** tire after competing in two events for France during the off-season?

PROGNOSIS
The Spurs were NBA champs in '03, '05, and last season. This is clearly a non-title year for them. Second-round playoff exit.

4. PATIENT
Houston Rockets

HISTORY
Four finals appearances, titles in '94 and '95, and a slew of Hall of Famers, including Hakeem Olajuwon, Clyde Drexler, and Calvin Murphy

DIAGNOSIS
Sore back (**Tracy McGrady**); tender right leg (**Yao Ming** broke his tibia last season); point guard instability, yet surging optimism and desire to improve upon last season's seven-game, first-round defeat to Utah. The Rockets added aggressive Argentine forward **Luis Scola** (see sidebar), everything-to-prove guard **Steve Francis**, and a new, up-tempo coach, **Rick Adelman**. They'll join a core of Yao, McGrady, and **Shane Battier**.

PROGNOSIS
Who says Texas is all about football? Houston, Dallas, and San Antonio are all legit NBA contenders.

5. PATIENT
Utah Jazz

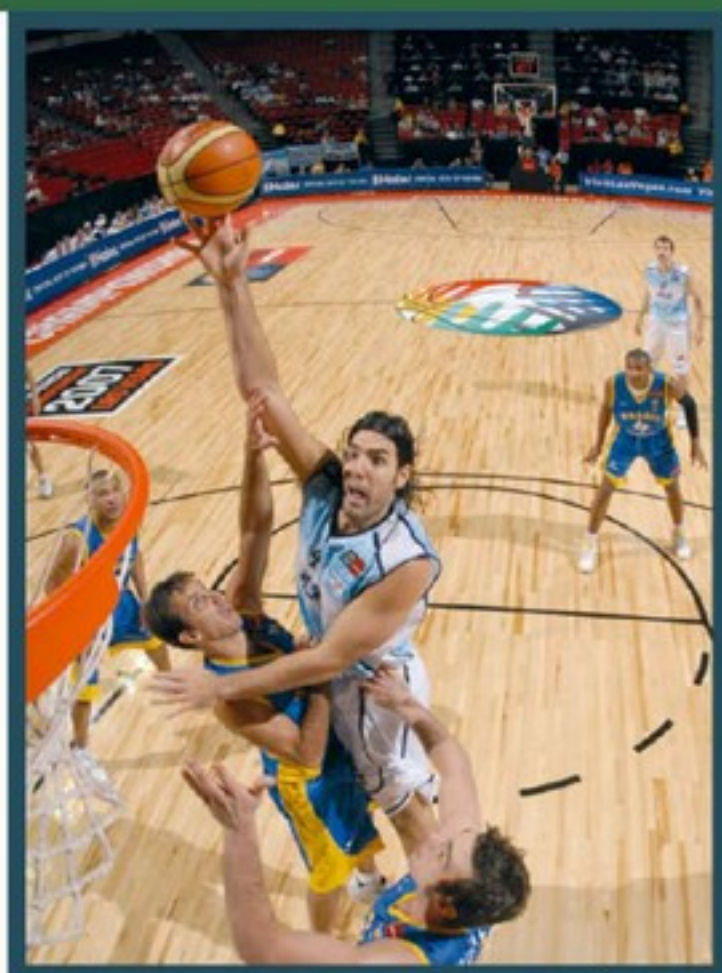
HISTORY
They may be comically misnamed, but the Jazz have a proud history, as John Stockton and Karl Malone led the team to 20 straight playoff and two finals appearances from 1985 to 2003. Russian forward **Andrei Kirilenko** heralded a new era in 2001; last year the Jazz won the Northwest division and reached the Western Conference finals.

DIAGNOSIS
Advanced guard glut; acute disgruntlement. Utah has five backcourt options, after starting point guard **Deron Williams** (second in the league in assists last year). They also have an unhappy camper in Kirilenko, but he, Williams, **Carlos Boozer**, and **Mehmet Okur** give the Jazz a solid top four.

PROGNOSIS
If only they were in the East.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NBAE/GETTY IMAGES AND (TOP MIDDLE AND BOTTOM LEFT) GETTY IMAGES

Tim Duncan and San Antonio won titles in 2003, '05, and '07; this is clearly a non-championship year for them.



Argentine Pipeline

Luis Scola is the latest sensation from Argentina. Can he put Houston over the top in the West? By Peter Schrager

It used to be the only time you'd hear the name of an Argentine athlete in an American sports bar was during a World Cup year, or if Gabriela Sabatini was making a run at Wimbledon. Even then, the names were probably mispronounced. But in the past decade, Argentina has produced almost as many basketball stars as it has *fútbol* phenoms. With Chicago's Andres Nocioni (one of the more versatile forwards in the game) and San Antonio's Manu Ginobili and Fabricio Oberto (key contributors on the Spurs' championship team) leading the way, the South American nation is making solid inroads into the NBA.

But the best young Argentine hoops star has yet to set foot on NBA hardwood. That will change when 27-year-old Luis Scola suits up for the Houston Rockets. Acquired in an off-season deal with the Spurs, the athletic power forward joins Yao Ming and Tracy McGrady in H-Town.

A leader on Argentina's 2004 Olympic gold-medal team (he scored ten points and grabbed four boards against the U.S. in the semis), Scola brings a winning pedigree to a team that hasn't gotten out of the first round of the NBA playoffs since the Clinton administration. With his shoulder length hair, Scola should become a fan favorite in Houston, and he makes the Rockets instant contenders in the West.

By season's end, you'll hear his name mentioned in more than a few sports bars.

The Jazz may repeat as division champs, but will not return to the West finals.

6. PATIENT
Denver Nuggets

HISTORY
In recent playoff history, the Nuggets—and franchise player Carmelo Anthony—have done exactly nothing, with four consecutive first-round exits.

DIAGNOSIS
Hubris; signs of Narcissistic Personality Disorder, as former superstar Allen Iverson and current superstar Anthony vie for touches; advanced Front-Office Passivity Syndrome, as guard Chucky Atkins was the only significant off-season pickup; and a sore right knee (Kenyon Martin—former All-Star forward, recovering from second microfracture surgery).

PROGNOSIS
Hard to imagine 'Melo and A.I. not reaching the playoffs, but since the front office sat on its hands, it's equally hard to imagine them getting past the first round.

7. PATIENT
Golden State Warriors

HISTORY
The Warriors have won six conference titles and three NBA championships, but even without those trophies, their history is, in a word, awesome. This franchise has fielded the league's tallest player (Manute Bol) as well as its shortest (Muggsy Bogues); they've suited up a Speedy (Claxton), a Sleepy (Floyd), and a Popeye (Jones). And that's not even mentioning World B. Free, the incomparable scorer with the 44-inch vertical leap who never saw a shot he didn't like.

DIAGNOSIS
Euphoria over stunning first-round upset of NBA favorites Dallas in last season's playoffs; disappointment over loss of scorer Jason Richardson; queasiness over near-loss of coach Don Nelson.

PROGNOSIS
First-round playoff defeat.

8. PATIENT
Memphis Grizzlies

HISTORY
Memphis is in the South*west* division, and it's named the Grizzlies, so maybe the team can be excused for underperforming—it's confused. But the Grizz is ready to pick up where it left off after three straight playoff appearances from 2004 to '06.

DIAGNOSIS
Tender left foot (Spanish star Pau Gasol broke his last season); front-office disorientation (GM Jerry West resigned). With nowhere to go but up after last season's 22-60 debacle, the Grizz will soar. New acquisition Darko Milicic should benefit from playing alongside Gasol, whose countryman Juan Carlos Navarro will provide outside shooting, while rookie Mike Conley will grow up fast as an NBA point guard.

PROGNOSIS
New hire Marc Iavaroni will win Coach of the Year as he leads Memphis back to the postseason.

PLAYOFF PREDICTIONS

EASTERN CONFERENCE FINALS
Chicago over Cleveland
WESTERN CONFERENCE FINALS
Dallas over Phoenix
NBA FINALS
Dallas over Chicago

Chad to the Bone

Bengals receiver Chad Johnson can't help talking the talk. Good thing he also walks the walk.
By Bobbi Dempsey

Few players in the NFL have a grasp on football-as-entertainment like Bengals wide receiver Chad Johnson. He trash-talks with the best of them. (Referring to Packers cornerback Al Harris, he once said, "There are two things for Brother Harris this week. The bad thing is, he has to cover me. The good is, he can save 15 percent by switching his insurance to Geico.") He also sets new standards for touchdown celebrations, having performed everything from an end-zone Riverdance to a cheerleader marriage proposal. Before a 2005 Christmas game, he hinted that he might involve a live deer in his next TD celebration. And he sets aside $100,000 of his salary each season for the fines he incurs from the league for his theatrics.

All of this would be less than entertaining if Johnson couldn't back it up with his play. But in his seventh season, he remains one of the league's most dangerous receivers. He shook off early-season injury woes last year to finish with 1,369 receiving yards, tops in the league. And this year his quarterback, Carson Palmer, is back to 100 percent following a career-threatening knee injury. It's good to be Chad again.

In your first celebration of the year, you modeled a Hall of Fame jacket that read FUTURE HOF 20??. Where did that come from?
Well, I couldn't start off with a big bang, so I gave you a very creative one. It was just one of many to come. And most important, it was the truth.

How important is it that Carson Palmer is completely healthy this season?
He's one of the pieces of our puzzle to get to the Super Bowl. You take away one of the pieces, and our chances of getting there aren't that good.

What was it like playing with [Carolina Panthers receiver] Steve Smith at Santa Monica College? You guys must have lit it up.
Oh man, we had a blast. I love Steve to death. We keep in contact before every game. We continue to push each other in our own competitive ways.

I've read that soccer was your first love in sports. Do you still kick it around at all?
Soccer is still my first love, and always will be. But I can't play anymore—I can't risk getting hurt. But I used to go to London every year to see my friend Thierry Henry, who played with Arsenal. Now that he's in Barcelona, I'll be going to Spain.

Speaking of soccer, those guys celebrate goals in some crazy ways. Do they influence you at all?
No, I can't do some of the things they do. They have some I wish I could use. You know, the NFL needs to give me my own rule. One that says, "Chad can do whatever he wants." Because I give you something to look forward to, even if you're not a football fan. The stuff I do is for fan appeal. Nothing I come up with would ever cross the line because it's all in a fun-loving nature.

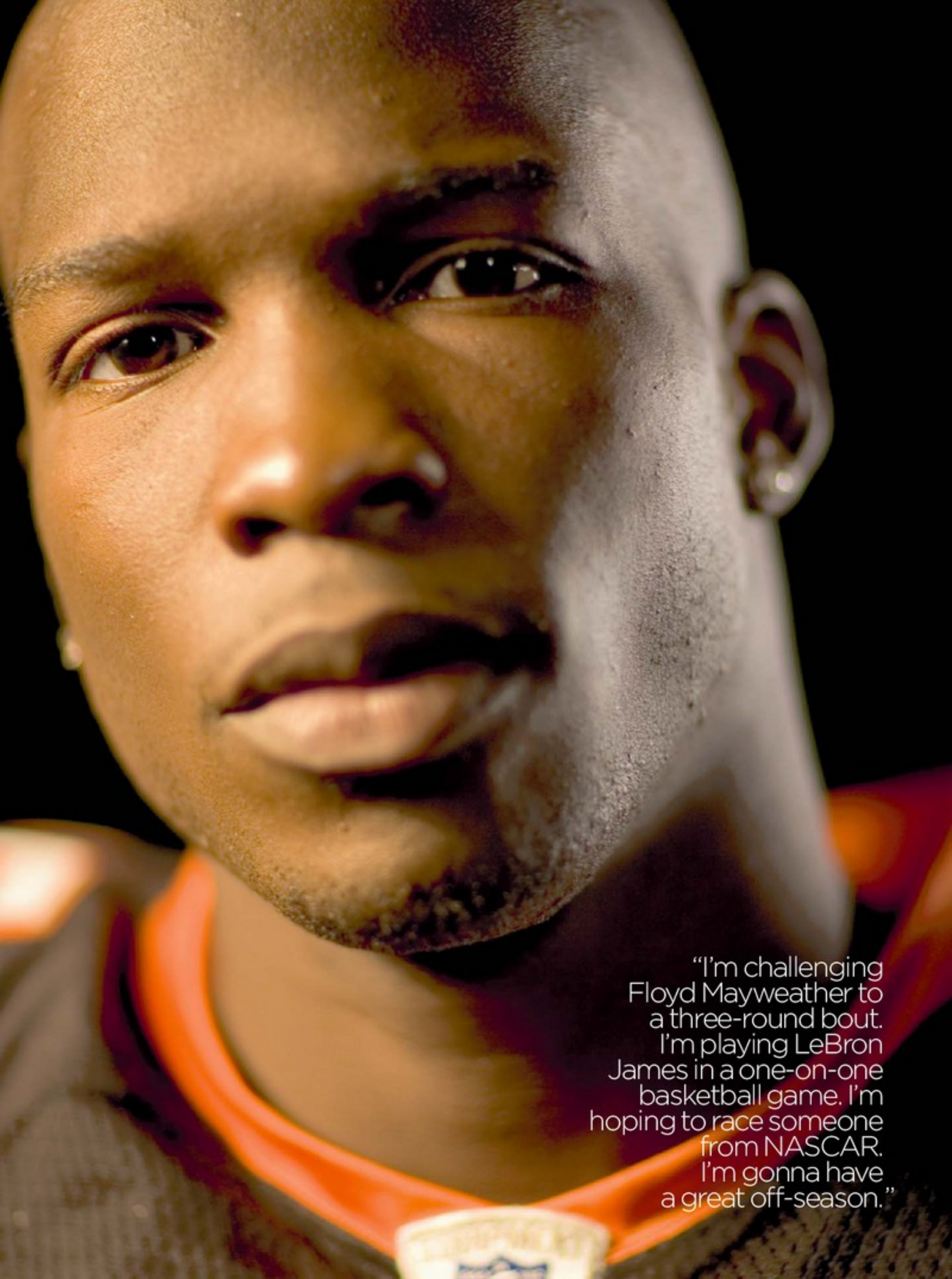
Tell us about your charity race against a thoroughbred this past summer. You got a head start, sure, but you beat the horse!
That was fun. It was to help raise money for Feed the Children, an organization I work with in Africa. I took a trip to Kenya this year, and I told them I'd do as much as possible to help raise money.

I also liked that you trash-talked the horse before the race.
Yeah, he was scared. He didn't want nothing.

What's next for you in crossover challenges for charity?
I'm challenging Floyd Mayweather to a three-round bout. I'm playing LeBron James in a one-on-one basketball game. I'm supposed to be racing someone from NASCAR. I'd love to play Tiger Woods, maybe three or four holes. It's to help a good cause. And I'm very good at all of those sports, so I have a chance of beating every last person. It's gonna be exciting. I'm gonna have a great off-season—hopefully after our Super Bowl win.

Have you already started planning your Super Bowl celebration?
No, that's a ways off. I take one game at a time.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT GALLAGHER/GETTY IMAGES



"I'm challenging Floyd Mayweather to a three-round bout. I'm playing LeBron James in a one-on-one basketball game. I'm hoping to race someone from NASCAR. I'm gonna have a great off-season."

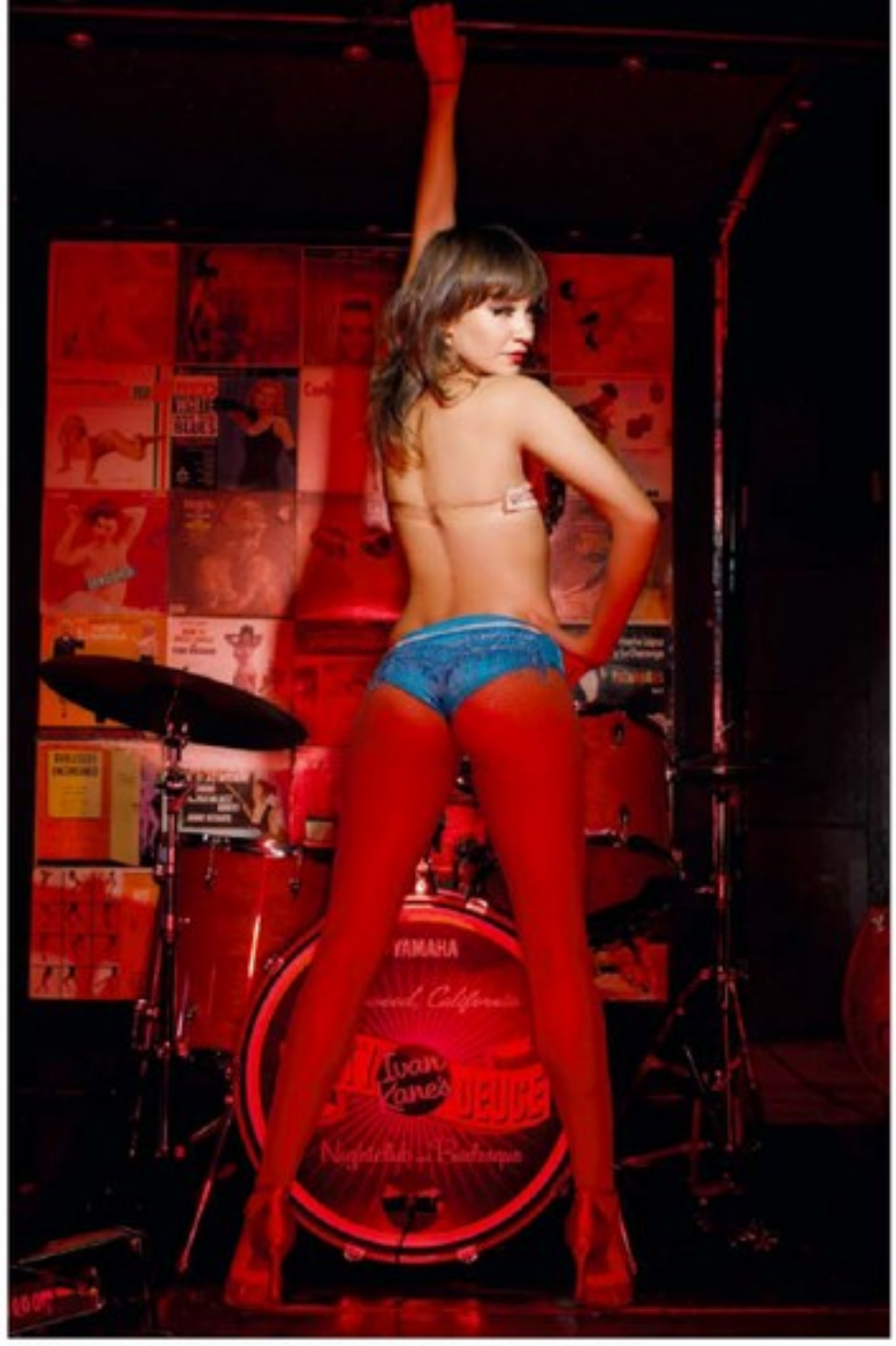
Deuce Is Wild

The cool little L.A. club that introduced the world to Dita Von Teese and revealed the art of the tease to a new generation of horny hipsters is branching out to Vegas, London, and, with any luck, New York . Hang on to your pasties.

By Donnell Alexander
Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker

It's a small room for L.A. Squeeze more than a hundred people inside Forty Deuce and the fire marshal might have a strong case. That's why it's so overwhelming when a New York-bred Latina called Dakota steps into the spotlight wearing a blue feather boa and a flash of fringe across her crotch. She makes her elegant way across the club's narrow stage to the sound of a three-piece band, losing her clothing, seemingly, step by step. Her dance is a close-but-no-nudity provocation that reduces your average strip club get-down to playground hokey-pokey. Amazingly, the crowd is made up of more chicks than dudes, and when Dakota lets loose, you can almost hear the panties moistening.

Ivan Kane's Forty Deuce is a rare slice of gritty Hollywood glamour, the kind of spot where the deejay flits between bursts of "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun" and classic hip-hop, and the folks in the V.I.P. section are unshaven and possibly sporting sweats. *Very* L.A. "Part of what makes Forty Deuce great is that we mix the swells with that different demographic," Kane says. "Any one demographic in a room is going to be kind of boring. What makes it interesting is to get a diverse kind of crowd that wants to get a little bit down and dirty in an elegant setting.



That's what makes the night achieve its magic."

Kane, who opened Forty Deuce in 2002, had hoped his creation would fly in his native New York. The screenwriter-turned-entrepreneur had Sting and David Bowie as financial backers, but that failed to sway neighborhood opponents. In September, Kane thought the local community board protest would be a minor irritant, a predictable hurtle to any New York club opening. "It's just part of the process," he said. But by October the entrepreneur had become frustrated that months of hearings and diplomacy had failed to win him the liquor license he needed to set up shop. In the gentrified flanks of Little Italy, he'd run up against the kind of outrage he'd never encountered in Hollywood.

Luckily, there's always Vegas. In the desert, at the club Kane opened in 2004, the Forty Deuce dancers perform bigger and project more broadly than in L.A. There, Kane strived to appeal to industry people who work in other nightclubs, casinos, and bars. "Man doesn't live on Friday and Saturday alone," he says.

If Kane ever gets New York's version off the ground, it will break from what his other clubs have done so far—changes which remain, in part, a secret. The trick is recognizing how every market is like a snowflake—or a woman. "There are subtle differences," Kane says, "but those differences will make or break you."

Kane is planning on opening a Forty Deuce in London and one in San Diego next year, and is confident his formula can transcend borders. "I don't care if I'm on the moon, hot women are hot women," Kane said while in New York on a day when it was crawling with even more models than usual. "I've seen a lot of long legs this week, because it's fashion week, and I don't think these women are from the same planet that I am. I think there are gorgeous women on both coasts. I fly between two magnificent cities and complete the triangle in Las Vegas; it certainly is a visual feast. I don't think I can take two steps and not see gorgeous, talented, fabulous women." Just like his dancers can't take two steps without causing arousal.

Her dance is a close-but-no-nudity provocation that reduces your average strip club get-down to playground hokey-pokey.

Burlesque dancers Larke (above) and Carolina Cerisola (left) entice the crowd at the Hollywood club.

Judah Friedlander

This scene-stealer from *30 Rock, Meet the Parents,* and *Curb Your Enthusiasm* has a CD in the works and a world championship to defend.

Judah Friedlander knows his mug is not exactly the face of a screen legend. "When you look at me, you don't really think 'Hollywood glamour,'" he says. "Hollywood doesn't want me, necessarily, *but,* for certain projects, they actually need me." If there's a bit part in a movie that's underwritten (like his turn as a pharmacy clerk in *Meet the Parents,* where he improvised lines with Ben Stiller), casting directors will often call in Friedlander to riff on the role and make it funny. So Friedlander is right—and guilty of understatement—on both counts: No, he is not cut from the Brad Pitt mold, and yes, Hollywood *does* need him—for lots and lots of projects from *How High* to *Along Came Polly*.

You may also know him as the Hug Guy from the Dave Matthews Band video "Everyday," or from his brilliant turn as Toby Radloff in the 2003 film *American Splendor,* or from his current role as Frank Rossitano on the excellent NBC sitcom *30 Rock*. But Friedlander got his start doing stand-up, and he still steps to the mike regularly to tell audiences about his reign as "World Champion," his days as a school crossing guard, and how he occasionally skis naked (and on fire). On a recent day off from shooting *30 Rock*, he entertained us with stories about working on one of TV's sharpest shows, explained his trademark look, and told us what's wrong with porn.

Most kids growing up today have known no other World Champion but Judah Friedlander—
That's true. And they're good kids. That's why I do it.

How do you maintain the championship mentality all the time?
I'm just a winner. I'm born with it. And you gotta visualize it.

What's your workout regimen like?
Well, if I've got a busy day—say, if I was banging more chicks than usual—one thing I'll do as a quick bit of training is the Olympic decathlon. But I'll do it all in a row. I'll do the 1,500-meter race, and then I'll go right into the 100-yard dash, and then I'll do the hurdles and the shot put. Which means I was carrying the shot put the whole time I was doing those other races. And the javelin. Normally in the Olympics it takes two days to complete a decathlon. I do the whole thing in about 14 minutes.

What about the Olympics—ever thought of competing in them?
They don't let me. I'd show up all the other athletes and everyone would lose their endorsement deals. That's the thing: I don't do endorsements. I'm not owned by the corporations. People are always asking me, "Why aren't you in the NBA?" "Why aren't you in the NFL?" It's because I don't do endorsements. Think about it: If I was in the NBA, I'd be so much better than everyone else, no one would want LeBron James's shoes or shirts or whatever.

Here's an endorsement: *30 Rock* is a terrific show. And even though it was nominated for ten Emmys, it almost wasn't renewed for a second season.
Well, that's showbiz today. Most of it's shit out there. There is great stuff, but there's a lot of crap—and things seem to be getting worse and worse. So yeah, that's a constant struggle. Shit sells. Hollywood's in the business of selling shit, for the most part. It's all about buzz and nothing about product.

Is it true that you come up with all the sayings on the trucker hats your character wears?
Yes, I write all the hats. And I make them myself, too. Some people think I'm trying to be this hipster dude wearing trucker caps, and, *Oh, they're not cool anymore*. But I was wearing them way before they were cool, and I was wearing them *during* the time they were trendy, and now they're *not* cool, and I'm still wearing them. That's my thing—I like them. And I've been making my own for years.

I enjoyed the BAHAMA TRAPEZOID one.
Thanks. That's one of my favorites, actually. Some people don't get the reference. My point is that it's an even more dangerous area than the Bermuda Triangle.

The Triangle just gets all the ink.
Yeah, again, it's publicity. People just don't know, ya know?

Your *30 Rock* character is really into porn. Are you?
Well, I'm actually not that crazy about a lot of porn. I think it needs to be better made. First of all, there are too many fake tits in porn. Any tits are better than fake tits. *Any* tits! There's almost nothing you can do to make a tit better. It can't be done. And there are too many girls completely shaved. I'm cool with a chick as long as she's not hairier than me. As long as it's under control, you know?

The garden is trimmed.
Yes. And then sometimes the extreme close-ups have gotta go. Because even if you *are* that close, your eyes can't focus.

Yeah, those are kind of clinical.
You said it. It's like a surgery video or something.

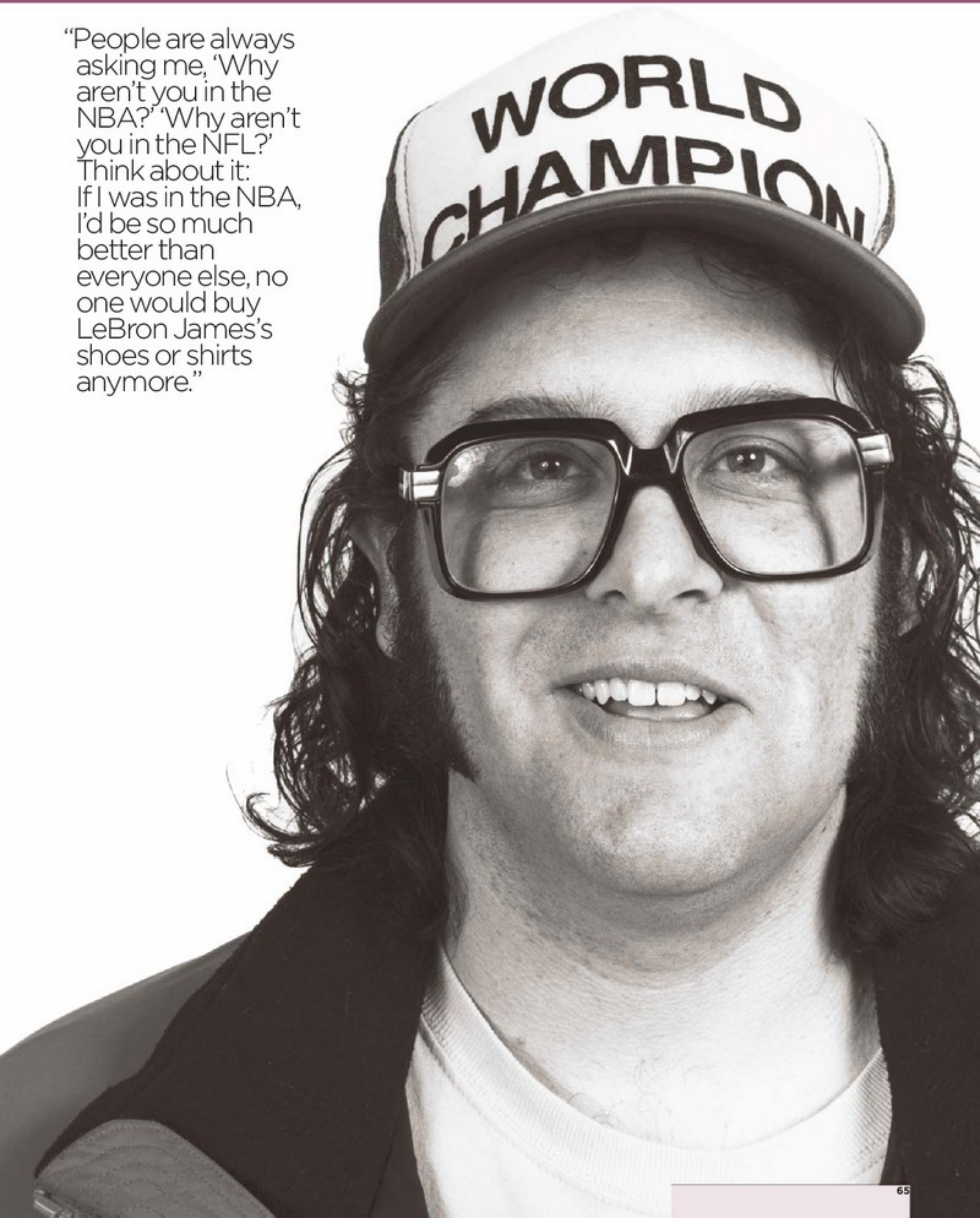
When is your stand-up CD coming out?
You know, I've been saying I'm gonna have a CD for about six years now, so what I'm going to do—either at Christmas or in the new year—I'm just gonna release a box set, all at once. I'm just gonna put out ten CDs at once.

The complete works?
Yup.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW HETHERINGTON/REDUX

By John Bolster

"People are always asking me, 'Why aren't you in the NBA?' 'Why aren't you in the NFL?' Think about it: If I was in the NBA, I'd be so much better than everyone else, no one would buy LeBron James's shoes or shirts anymore."



Country Strong

How did the tiny town of Weir, Mississippi (pop. 553), win six high school football state championships and produce six NFL players, not to mention a Major League Baseball All-Star and a Miss America? We sent **Merrell Noden** *deep into the Southern pines to find out.*

Photographs by Jessica Dimmock

New Weir coach Jim Wood takes over a program that has been to ten state championships and won six.

The town of Weir, Mississippi, is home to an estimated 553 people and a high school football team that has kept them all going through some hard times. "You can see the town's drying up," says former Weir head coach Joe Lynn Gant as he turns his pickup onto Front Street, which was once the town's bustling main drag but is now deserted and forlorn. "If it wasn't for the school ... "

He lets that uncomfortable thought go. No one around here wants to dwell on it, but without the high school and its remarkable record of producing great teams and athletes, Weir would lose the proudest part of its identity. It would become just one more dying Mississippi town, with all the problems that come with that. "If you're from Weir," says Mark Thornton, who until recently was the editor and publisher of the neighboring town's newspaper, the Kosciusko *Star-Herald,* "you're either a logger, a crack dealer, or a pro football player."

He's kidding—sort of—but Thornton is onto something about Weir's success in producing athletic talent. It would be remarkable for a school of any size, but when you consider that there will be roughly 155 students in grades nine through 12 at Weir this year, it's nothing short of astounding. Since the late 1970s, Weir (pronounced *where*) has produced six pro football players, including Alvin McKinley, who just signed a four-year contract to play defensive tackle for the Denver Broncos; a Major League Baseball All-Star, Roy Oswalt of the Houston Astros; and the 1980 Miss America, Cheryl Prewitt. Oswalt, who had the lowest E.R.A. in the National League last year, was in a graduating class with 12 boys. Two of his schoolmates—Alvin and Dennis McKinley—went on to the NFL, while a third, Dicenzo Miller, starred as a Mississippi State running back, then attended training camp with the Tennessee Titans. Let's rewind that: The Weir class of 1995 had only 12 boys, yet that year's student body included a 20-game winner in Major League Baseball, two National Football League players, and a fourth athlete who fell just short of the NFL.

So what's in the water in Weir? Oswalt, who also played football at the school, says he isn't even sure that the McKinleys and Miller were the best players on the team. He might pick Scott Key Miller, who went on to be an All-American linebacker at Holmes Junior College, or Kenny Welcher, who could bench-press 430 pounds. That's an astonishing number of elite players for a town that size, and, for the people of Weir, a welcome distraction from all that's happened to their hometown.

Weir was never wealthy, but it had several pulpwood yards, two cotton gins, a hotel, a dozen mom-and-pop businesses, and a barbershop that stayed open till midnight on Saturdays for the farmers and loggers who came crowding into town to sell their wares and try their luck in a small cash-prize lottery.

"You couldn't walk down the streets on Saturday afternoon for people waiting for that drawing," recalls Donnie Crowder, who owns Crowder's Drug Store, the only retail business left on Front Street. But when the railroad depot shut down in the early eighties, Weir began a rapid decline. "We lost seven or eight businesses in that first year," says Nook Black, a white-haired former railroad-maintenance engineer who played quarterback for Weir in the 1950s and has carried the chains at home games for 45 years. "Over the years, things just deteriorated. Like a lot of towns, we're just drying up. But we're still here. We've really been blessed with our community and our school."

It would be difficult to exaggerate how much the football team means to the citizens of Weir. "On Friday nights, that's their entertainment," says Glen Beard, who is the principal of the Weir Attendance Center (that's Mississipp-ese for schools K–12). A large, affable man, Beard lives across the street from the football

When the railroad closed in 1980, Weir began a downhill economic slide. Crowder's Drug Store (left) is the only business left on Front Street. But the hard times have only boosted the winning ways of the Weir Lions (above).

field and is close enough to everything in town that he gets around in a battered golf cart. "They love it," he says. "Friday night comes and they're ready to watch their kids play ball."

It's nothing for 3,000 people to show up for a big game against a fierce rival like Durant or Ethel. And Weir fans don't hesitate to drive three hours for a road game, where they often outnumber the home fans. Thornton once wrote a story about visiting Weir when the football team was playing out of town. "There was hardly anybody left, and all of them were listening to the game on the radio," he says with a chuckle.

Of course, the folks in Weir are luckier than most of their rivals from Mississippi's smallest (1A) schools. If Weir doesn't "go to Jackson"—that is, to the state final—the season is essentially written off. Since 1981, when Mississippi started crowning state champs in football, Weir has reached the championship game ten times and won it six, as the small billboard that used to stand out on Highway 12 proudly boasted: "Home of the Lions—State Champions 1984, 1985, 1994, 1996, 1997, 2003." Most 1A schools assume that if they can beat Weir, they've got a real shot at winning it all. The bigger schools simply refuse to schedule them.

There are smaller schools in Mississippi, but not many. If you come from Weir, you soon get tired of hearing the taunt, "Where is Weir?" (For the record, it's a half-mile off Highway 12, in the vast sea of pine forest midway between Jackson and Tupelo.) When Oswalt was growing up, he and his friends used to call Starkville, the town up Highway 12, "Stark-Vegas" because it looked so big and glitzy compared to Weir. Starkville, home of Mississippi State University, has a population of about 22,000.

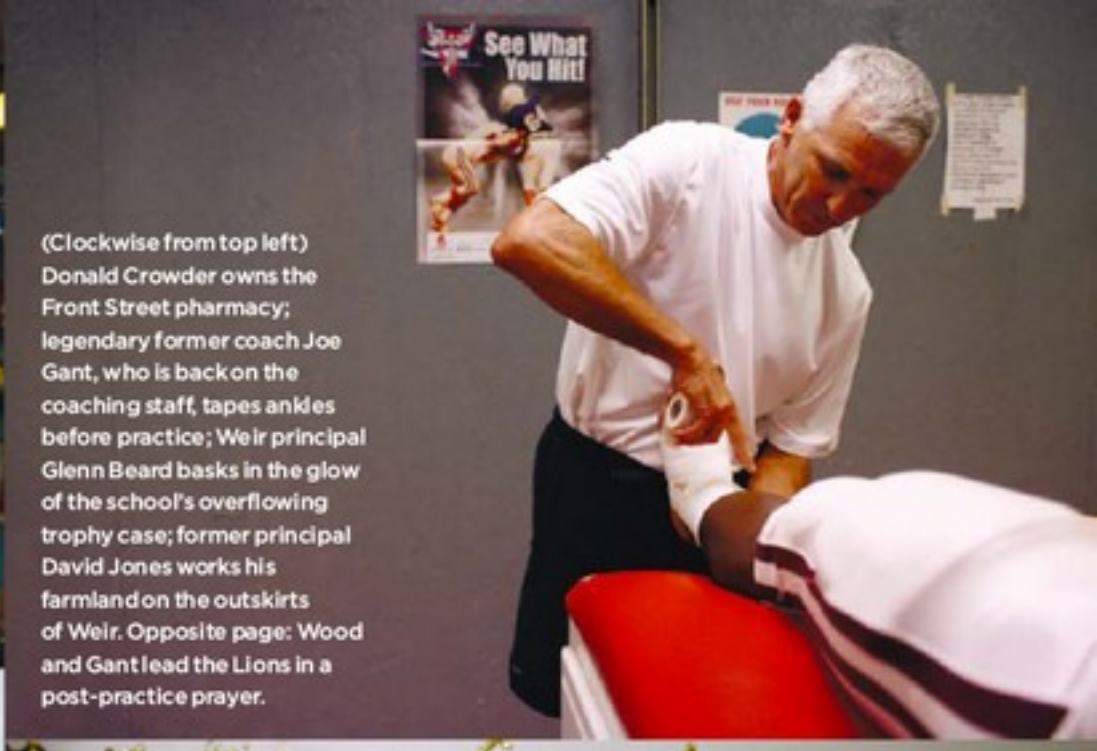
> The Weir class of 1995 had only 12 boys, but the school still produced an MLB 20-game winner, two NFL players, and a fourth athlete who fell just short of the NFL.

So how does such a small school—Weir didn't even have a baseball team until it started one during Oswalt's sophomore year, largely to showcase his talent—get to be so good? "I wish I knew," says Danny Robertson, who coached rival school Durant for seven years. "It starts in kindergarten or earlier. They dream of playing for Weir."

Ask most anyone in Weir that question and you get a puzzled look. They've grown up in the middle of this great tradition, and while they don't exactly take it for granted, they are never surprised by success. It's just always been that way.

Oswalt points to how people grow up in Weir. His father was a logger, as was the McKinley boys' dad, and the father of Tony Kimbrough, a Weir alum who played wide receiver for the Denver Broncos in 1993 and '94. The sons had no choice but to work in the woods with their dads. "I think the physical labor puts you in a higher class than anyone else, strength-wise," says Oswalt. "It's a different strength than just lifting weights. I guess you'd call it 'country strong.' A lot of guys on my team would come in from the summer looking like they'd been in a weight room all their life just because of the physical activity—logging, roofing houses, anything they might do to get by."

Danya Turner, who played football at Weir alongside his twin brother, DeShawn, and started for two years at Liberty University, seconds Oswalt's theory. "When I was a young boy, we used to have to haul logs all day," he says. Turner currently coaches Weir's defensive line. "We'd do that from six in the morning to three, and then lift weights. We had to pick up each individual log with our



(Clockwise from top left) Donald Crowder owns the Front Street pharmacy; legendary former coach Joe Gant, who is back on the coaching staff, tapes ankles before practice; Weir principal Glenn Beard basks in the glow of the school's overflowing trophy case; former principal David Jones works his farmland on the outskirts of Weir. Opposite page: Wood and Gant lead the Lions in a post-practice prayer.

hands, haul it as much as 30 yards to the truck, and throw it in. It made me understand the importance of an education!"

Principal Beard points to genes: Whole families—cousins and brothers and uncles—have played for Weir. Dicenzo Miller estimates he's got 20 relatives who've played. Nook Black's three brothers and his son all played. Billy Joe Oswalt, Roy's dad, was a halfback on the undefeated 1964 team.

A corollary to this legacy is the tight-knit community. "At Weir, all your relatives and everybody is at the game," says former Broncos receiver Kimbrough. "You know everybody and you don't want to let them down. It's driving you to do your best."

There's also, as Kimbrough put it, the small-town kid's "refusal to be overlooked." Scouts don't make it to towns like Weir very often. Even Oswalt, a three-time Major League All-Star, often was ignored. That can put a chip on a kid's shoulder and drive him to excel.

Everyone in Weir has something invested in the football team, which is the only way it can survive, since athletics receive almost no funding from the county. In 1999, more than a quarter of Weir's citizens lived below the poverty line; in 2005, the median income in the town was $22,900, far below the state median of $32,938, and unemployment is above the state average.

With little money coming in, the citizens are compelled to pitch in. "If anything needs to be done, we do it," says Black. Billy Joe Oswalt cleared the baseball field his son would play on. Gant, Arnault, and Lynn Hanson worked long into the night for four months in 1998 to build the field house that now bears Gant's name.

The support works both ways. A while back, a local farmer hurried into football practice, explaining that he needed to move his hay inside before it rained. "We all went," says Gant. "That was our weight training for the day."

Not to be overlooked in the search to explain Weir's excellence is Gant himself. Oswalt and Kimbrough credit his intensity and fanatical insistence on discipline. "He scared you into playing good," says Kimbrough. "He did a lot of screaming and jumping around. It seems funny, but it was effective. You didn't want to mess up."

Gant does not look all that intimidating these days: He is not a big man, and there is very little spare flesh on him. But Gant was a national-caliber decathlete at Mississippi State in the 1970s. Today, at 54, he still works out intensely, cycling, lifting, and running 100-yard sprints on the Weir football field, even when the temperature hits 90.

Gant is a legend in Mississippi coaching circles. He was head coach at Weir from 1977 through 1999. He went 225–51 and won a record five state championships, playing a hard-nosed, grind-it-out style. He ran the ball about 70 percent of the time and stressed defense, explaining, "You can't score, you can't beat me." Mostly, though, he worked his players' butts off in practice, making them drag tires and run sprints when they were too tired to see straight. They needed the fitness, since most kids played both offense and defense because there weren't enough players for two squads.

"We never went into a game wondering if we was going to

"The physical labor puts you in a higher class than anyone else, strength-wise," says Oswalt. "It's a different strength than just lifting weights. I guess you'd call it 'country strong.' "

win," says Oswalt. "We always went into a game wondering how *bad* we was going to win."

Gant took over as head coach on orders from the principal at the time, Marion Kelly, who seems to have recognized a kindred spirit. "How many principals do you know would let me whip the players when they make bad grades?" Gant asks.

He means that literally. There's a flat paddle in the football office marked JUDGE on one side and JURY on the other. On the day grades came out, the players would form a line at the office door, report cards in hand. "You pat them on the back or you pat them on the butt," says Gant. "One way or the other."

Not everyone was pleased with the physical discipline, but David Jones, who followed Kelly as Weir principal, had an answer for them: "I'd rather see stripes on their arms and legs right now than see stripes when they're 20 and in Parchman [Farm, the state prison]," he says. "It all boils down to discipline."

Gant, like everyone else in town, attributes Weir's strict discipline to the legacy of Kelly, who, two years after his death, is still known to all as Mr. Kelly. When Gant or anyone else in town talks about him they sound positively reverential, as if they were describing some impossible combination of saint and martinet. Mr. Kelly set very high standards and, by sheer will, made pretty much everyone in town live up to them.

His shining moment came in 1970, the year the state's schools were integrated. Thirty-seven years later, Weir residents still talk bitterly of how the Choctaw County School Board, five miles up the road in Ackerman, redrew the county school districts and made Ackerman High 90 percent white and Weir roughly 50-50 in hopes of driving the white students away to private schools and essentially undoing integration. "They divided this county up like they was going to hurt Weir," says Gant. "If it hadn't been for Mr. Kelly, this [school] would have folded. Whites would have run. He held things together. He was the glue that made things stick."

Of course, the joke was on the school board. Many of the players who propelled Weir to all those titles are black. More important, the teamwork on the field carried over to the classroom and beyond. "Football made integration work," Gant says firmly.

For all his successes, though, Gant's rigid style has rubbed some people the wrong way. On the team photos in the field house, he puts tape over the images of Weir players who've been in trouble with the law. It's a tough tactic that doesn't please everybody, as Gant discovered a few years ago when he took over as head coach of Louisville High School, a larger school in the next county. With Gant running things, Louisville went 5-3, but he encountered resistance when he removed photos of two former All-Americans who had been in trouble with drugs.

The community rose up and Gant told them, "I'm not gonna quit. You're gonna have to fire me."

They did, and Gant is back in Weir this year as offensive coordinator under new head coach Jim Wood. Wood is 34, with a pink face that suggests he hasn't spent as much time in the sun as Gant. But he will. In June, Wood, Turner, and the other assistants were busy doing field maintenance, pushing wheelbarrows and raking dirt in the summer heat.

There are plans to put that sign back up on Highway 12. Still, Wood knows that it is impossible to exceed local expectations. "The people here expect anybody who puts on a Weir helmet to win," he muses. "If they get beat Friday night, it's hard to walk down the street Saturday morning."

They have to live with that. It's only a game, but Wood, like Gant and Mr. Kelly before him, knows exactly how much it means to the people of Weir.

Merrell Noden, a former staff writer at *Sports Illustrated,* wrote about drug testing in sports in the June 2007 *Penthouse*.

yo, adrienne!

Adrienne Manning, a University of Nebraska psych major, loves parties, reading, and nude beaches. She's a smart girl who likes to be the dominant one in a relationship. Think you can handle that?

Photographs by Penthouse Studios

"I love summer in Lincoln because it's hot and humid, so you don't wear a lot. I'd live anyplace where the weather is warm, the people are cool, and there are nude beaches."

"Sex is my favorite way to get a workout. I love every position, so it's easy to get my heart rate up. Of course, it's also my favorite way to relax. I need to have sex every day."

"I once went without seeing my boyfriend for two weeks. When I finally got to be with him, it was a night you wouldn't believe—I came at least six times!"

"I spend a lot of time studying, so when I'm at a party with good music, I like to get a little crazy. But I have to watch my tequila intake, since it always gets me into trouble."

"I'm pretty easy to please. My idea of a perfect date is a guy who takes me to a nice dinner and a movie, then takes me home and lets me ride him till we both pass out."

Adrienne Manning
Pet of the Month
December 2007

Vital stats:
21 years old, 5'8"
34-25-36

If you won $1 million:
"I'd have a giant costume party."

Favorite fantasy:
"Me, another girl, and my boyfriend"

What music gets you in the mood?
"Electric blues guitar makes me wet."

Most exciting place you've made love:
"In a dressing room at the mall."

The most daring thing you've ever done?
"Jumped off a roof into a pool *naked*."

Were you a wild teenager?
"Yes, I partied all the time, but not with the popular kids."

If you could have sex with anyone, past or present, it would be:
"Ron Jeremy when he was in his prime. (I *love* hairy guys!)"

Would you rather lose your right arm or the ability to have orgasms?
"Definitely my right arm—I would just get a robot arm."

What do you have that other girls don't?
"Real boobs and real hair."

Adrienne Manning

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THE BIG RIP
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ADRIENNE MANNING
DECEMBER 2007 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

ARTY BOY

Shiny, Happy People?

Terry Rodgers paints hedonistic gatherings on the verge of full-blown orgies. But even "Bash of the Century" and "Best Night Ever" are not quite as they seem.

By Howie Kahn

"The surface is glamorous," artist Terry Rodgers says. "But upon further inspection, you start to register alternative reactions." He's talking about the oil-on-linen fictions of high-gloss pool parties and sexed-up soirees that comprise his work. At first glance, they're the fetes you dream of attending: underwear-model types posed and on the prowl; each looking to get off by any means necessary. A deeper read, though, reveals a darker tableau.

"With some people," explains the 59-year-old Rodgers, "the response is dim, like, 'Wow, I want to be there!' Others, however, see exactly what's going on: the isolation people feel in spite of an abundance of everything." Rodgers paints his parties with plenty of heat but hardly any warmth. You might imagine the producer type with the chiseled chest saying, "Where's the coke?" or the glamazon with the lubricious lips asking for Grey Goose, or the sycophant in the see-through smock telling the young, Rick James–looking guy that she'd like to "casually fuck" but little more. Rodgers encourages us not to judge his guests, but to consider what they are *thinking*. "I don't pretend to know what's going on with all of them," he says, "but it seems to me they come to these things with some sense of mission: to get or to find something—not just to have pleasure. Maybe they come to get their next gig and maybe they take off their clothes because they're willing to do whatever they need to do to get it."

ART COURTESY OF GALERIE NICOLA VON SENGER, ZURICH

BIOLOGICALLY SPEAKING...

Love Drug

Is your woman addicted to something between your legs?

Is your girl always coming back for more? Well, stud, before you pat yourself on the back, consider the chance that it may not be *you* she's after, but your sperm. Gordon Gallup, Ph.D., a psychologist at SUNY Albany, studied 293 college women and found that those who had sex without condoms were less depressed than women who used protection, though the former felt more depressed the longer they went without sex. He also noted in *Archives of Sexual Behavior* that "these women are more vulnerable to the rebound effect, which suggests there is a chemical dependency." Gallup may be on the right track, as semen contains the mood-elevating hormones testosterone, estrogen, prolactin, lutenizing hormone, and a variety of prostaglandins. Next time your girl is bummed, you can thank us for suggesting a new way to cheer her up.

ETYMOLOGY

Orgasm

(ôr'gaz'em) n.

This word for sexual climax has been kicking around for thousands of years and is thought to stem from the Indo-European term *wrog* ("to burgeon, swell with strength"). The Greeks transformed it into *orge* ("impulse, excitement, anger") and later *orgasmos* ("to swell with moisture, to be excited or eager") before the French adopted the word, altering it slightly to *orgasme*. In 1684, it shed its final *e* and became part of the English lexicon when it was published in the sex manual *Aristotle's Masterpiece*.

Action in Action

Now that the armed forces are gender-integrated, war-weary soldiers don't have to wait for leave to get some horizontal R&R. In fact, just about the only good news from the hellholes of Iraq and Afghanistan is that for bored, horny GIs, this surge is definitely working.

By Johnny Rico Illustration by Noma Bar

War is hell on your sex life. Just ask the young men and women of our armed forces whose libidos are shackled by two wars, frequent deployments, long hours, and the ever-present possibility of being surgically excavated by a roadside bomb.

Add in the isolation of living in the depressed, sequestered communities that play host to so many of our military bases, the sexual politics of rank structure, restrictive policies against fraternization, and a puritanical opinion that maintains fellatio as a punishable offense under the Uniform Code of Military Justice, and well ... it all seems to suggest collusion against the men and women of our armed forces from exercising their God-given right to get some ass while they're protecting our country.

But our troops, exhibiting that same derring-do they display on the battlefield, resist abstinence. In fact, sex is rampant in the U.S. military. From the rugged mountains of Tora Bora in Afghanistan to the squalid barracks in military bases throughout the U.S., our military personnel are increasingly easing the strains of war by stripping off the camouflage and getting down and dirty, as we found when we talked recently with several men and women scattered throughout a military worn from perpetual use.

Meet Staff Sergeant Bobby Danzi, a former Army infantry soldier who's built like an NFL linebacker, and his acolyte and best friend Sergeant Steve Rendez, a former Denver-area firefighter who joined up after 9/11 (all names in this article have been changed except where the individuals specifically requested their real names be used). Their sexual exploits are considered legendary by soldiers in their unit, and—despite the desperate wishes of nice guys everywhere who can only dream of such exploits—their stories are real.

Part of their legend is derived from Operation: Spring Break 2003—a monthlong fuck-fest where the two Rangers-in-training drove almost 400 miles roundtrip each night, often high on ecstasy, from Fort Benning, Georgia, to Panama City, Florida, all within the 12-hour window between formations. Once in Panama City, they would feast upon waves of nubile young coeds looking for the type of spring-break fling that only a Ranger on the run could provide. Each night it was one, two, or sometimes three girls. And then back again to Georgia each dawn, beating the clock and stumbling into formation.

"Getting laid is status in the military," Rendez says. "If you don't get laid, you don't get respect. Sex is how you separate yourselves from one another."

"Most military bases are huge sausage fests," Danzi explains, referencing the dearth of female troops (making up only 15 percent of the active-duty Army, for example). "So, of course, there's a fierce competition to get laid. There are so few women, it becomes this hugely important thing."

Dan Ryan, an X-ray technician in the Michigan Army Reserves and a former infantry soldier, argues that an additional reason sex matters so much is that the future is never certain. "You're always on training missions," he says. "You never know when you'll

be deployed and forced into celibacy for a year.... There's this desperate need to fill up your reservoirs while you can."

SEX OVERSEAS

You'd think fighting a war wouldn't lend itself to amorous relations—what with all the explosions and the threat of imminent death—but it's also the sort of environment that can send one's sex drive into overtime. And for good reason: Combat creates testosterone, the same body chemical that powers sex drive.

But while most troops are forced into stolid celibacy or, at best, masturbation, some soldiers are getting lucky as women troops increasingly serve beside men in combat-related roles. "In Vietnam they were allowed to visit prostitutes; we've got female soldiers," says Specialist 4 Steve, a soldier who lays claim to a hurried desperate fuck outside the protective walls of a remote firebase in Afghanistan. "It probably wasn't very safe, but it was the only place where there was a blind spot."

Sergeant Danzi has his own story of combat coupling: "I was stuck overnight in Kirkuk at the airfield and I stumbled across these two smoking-hot, hard-bodied Air Force chicks who were water-purification specialists. They had constructed this hot tub out of an old crate, a tarp, and PVC piping. By the end of the night, I was fucking two chicks in a hot tub—*in Iraq*. Who in their wildest dreams ever thinks that's going to happen?"

George Brown, a Marine sergeant, tells of a modern-day comfort soldier who welcomed back troops returning from leave in Afghanistan. "She was this cute little brunette with this tight little body," he says. "She was some guy's wife who was somewhere else in-theater. And every day, one after another, she'd take guys to some supply shed. She'd even double team you ... and she really was attracted to rank." As all military personnel know, rank is the ultimate aphrodisiac. Scoring with a high-ranking officer is the civilian equivalent of sleeping with a supermodel.

"Being deprived makes you go crazy," seaman Michael Robbins says. And he should know. As a sailor he often endured long stints at sea, buried in the metallic bowels of huge aircraft carriers. He went months without not only sex, but fresh air. "When we pulled into port in Sydney, Australia, within one hour my bunkmate was at the local red-light district coming all over a prostitute's face. I think it was some sort of record."

As Michael explains, when it comes to sex, basic market economics of supply and demand often invite creative problem-solving. "On one ship," he says, "there was one woman who started selling blowjobs for 60 bucks a pop. The petty officer first class in charge of her was her pimp, and they'd go into one of the storage areas at night, post a guard—it was closer to the surface, so the ocean would disguise the noise—and the men would just line up, one after the other, and she'd go down on them in succession until they came. For another 20 bucks you'd get to come on her face. And this would go on for hours. When she was arrested, they found an entire duffle bag filled with rolls of 20-dollar bills."

G.I. JANE

The motivation to integrate the sexes in the armed forces started with an appropriately principled premise: Women have the right to serve their country on an equal footing with men. The proponents of integration argued that strict guidelines prohibiting fraternization and good old-fashioned military discipline with a touch of professionalism would keep the panties from flying off.

They were wrong.

Despite the faint distant echo of wailing feminists, women troops, though smaller in number than men, are aggressively leveling the playing field in both enthusiasm and libido. Consider the following statistic: From August 2003 to August 2004, gynecologists at Camp Doha in Kuwait found that four percent of all female service members who were screened had become pregnant, most in-theater. A failed policy? Not if you're finally

> "They're doing it everywhere!" laughs Amy, an Army reservist from California. "In the field, tents, Humvees, storage closets—and two people from my company were caught in a port-a-potty."

getting laid before heading out on a convoy route laden with improvised explosive devices.

Kendra Davis, an Air Force lieutenant who works classified intelligence projects, recounts her "fresh from boot camp" arrival at the Presidio in Monterey, California. "They moved a barracks of Marines right next door to the female dorms," she says. "Right away they started flashing one another in the windows; it was constant penis and boobies. Everyone started hooking up left and right.... It was just nonstop sex."

Specialist Amy, a California Army reservist attached to a signal division, offers tales of constant and consummate relations among her classmates, while in garrison and during field-training exercises. During basic training, she said, one female soldier even got it on with her drill sergeant. "It was real early in the morning and they were just out there on the bleachers."

When asked where soldiers are finding the space to have illicit rendezvous in tightly controlled privacy-free environments, Amy laughingly dismisses the question as silly, saying, "Everywhere! In the field, tents, Humvees, storage closets—and two people from my company were caught in a port-a-potty."

But not all military sexual relations can be categorized as a fun frisky fling between mutually consenting partners. Amy explains, "Ninety percent of the guys hit on you as soon as you walk through the door. They don't care that another 20 are trying at the same time. It's a contest—most Army chicks are ugly and they get this syndrome like they are beauty queens. They just got out of basic and a lot of them aren't used to so much male attention. They start to lose themselves ... get carried away."

She tells the story of a prior roommate whose boyfriend was in Iraq: "She slept in the bunk under me. One night this guy crawls in through the window, and when he leaves, about a half hour later, one of the other guys crawls in through the window.... He leaves, and the third comes about an hour after that ... and then the fourth about 20 minutes later. But the nasty thing is, between them, she never got up, never washed up, and didn't use a condom."

Of course, these women are the exception.

Most women in the military are just trying to do their jobs, and like anyone else, have the occasional sexually fulfilling union—a position made almost entirely untenable at times by the constant sexual harassment and double standards imposed by their male counterparts. "If you file a claim of sexual harassment, you're considered a troublemaker," Amy says. "It goes into a file and halts your career. If you give it up, you're a whore. If you abstain, you're a bitch—and then they just make up rumors anyway. We just learn to deal with it. But there is one bright side," she adds with a giggle. "At least I never have to carry anything."

"MARRIAGE DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING"

With divorces on the rise and relationships increasingly buckling under the rigorous demands of the war on terror, it's becoming apparent that despite the Army's pro-family veneer, military life and relationships aren't necessarily mutually compatible. "Having a monogamous relationship is hard even in the civilian world," explains Kristina, a former instructor at a classified Army school where she started dating a student who eventually became her husband. "In the military, everything's exaggerated. Even when you're back in the States, 12-hour work days are fairly normal.

Then there's lots of training exercises where it's weeks away from home. And if you're in an integrated unit, that's a lot of time with others of the opposite sex who are not your spouse. There's opportunity."

Katrina, an Air Force Master Sergeant and one of the few to experience a relatively calm, healthy relationship, adds, "Not only is there opportunity, but most people in the military are young, so they're inexperienced with relationships."

Ryan, the Georgia X-ray technician (who *insisted* we use his real name) agrees. "We went to this training deployment at West Point to teach cadets, and most of the guys were married or supposed to be in a steady relationship. I know two—*two fucking dudes*—who kept their pants on." Pressed to explain, he adds, "It's kind of a culture of infidelity. Everyone does it, so there's no one around you to tell you it's a bad idea."

And Michael McClure (also his real name), a soldier who refused to even consider a relationship while in the Army, preferred a string of one-night stands. When asked how many people in the military had cheated, his response is immediate: "Everyone I knew, minus three."

But it's not just the troops who are flagrantly unfaithful. Ryan, who was stationed at Fort Stewart, Georgia, during a large-scale deployment of most base personnel, became intimately acquainted with a carefully guarded secret of support troops everywhere: Army wives. "They have nothing to do," Ryan says. "Their men are deployed, and they're stuck in these shit towns. They get bored. Fifteen months is a long time to go without sex, and most of them are young and inexperienced. They come in waves, and the 'permanent party guys' [the support units who are not deployed overseas] just have a feeding frenzy. First, it's the wives in rocky relationships—they're at the bar the day after their husbands deploy. Then about six months in, you start seeing the wives who were in good relationships." He pauses to think, then adds, "They all end up at the bar. It's part of the Army culture. Everyone's cheating, so it becomes more acceptable.

"I was fucking this one girl, well, actually, four of us were—real hottie, auburn hair, blue eyes, big ol' titties with these perfect little round nipples. Her boyfriend was in Iraq with the Third [Infantry Division], and there was his picture on the bed stand behind us—him with his arm around her, looking all sweet on some trip they had taken together. I used to stare at that picture as I fucked the shit out of her. He looked like a decent guy."

Sergeant Rendez, whose own wife was caught in an illicit liaison with several high-ranking officers, has been on both ends. "Marriage doesn't mean anything in the Army," he says. "I've slept with more married women than women who weren't married."

And, of course, there are plenty of soldiers who don't ask, and don't tell, whose sex drives don't always stay in the closet.

Bobby, a soldier with the 101st infantry division, recalls the initial invasion of Iraq, when they had just completed an intensive burning assault through the desert. "We didn't even think about sex," he says. "When we settled in Mosul and had our first chance for a rest, it all caught up with us. There was this airplane hangar with a back blast shield and you could crawl under there. I went down looking for a place to get some privacy and jerk off, and there were these two infantry soldiers—dudes—just going at it, butt-fucking. They really seemed to be enjoying themselves. I guess they were trying to relax after all that had happened."

"Tent 42's About to Blow!"

With no women in sight, GIs make do with self-pleasure.

For most troops, wild sexual adventures are rare. Sometimes, when there are no available women, you just have to make do with self-pleasure. As even Sergeant Rendez, veteran of the infamous 2003 spring-break fuck-fest, says, "It's survival. It's your bread and butter."

During my own tour in Afghanistan, self-love became a spectator sport. It was the height of summer 2004 and I was stationed at a firebase that wasn't much more than a barren two-mile stretch of ankle-high dust encircled by razor wire. Without any barracks or permanent structures, the thousand or so soldiers stationed there were lined up, one after the other, in endless rows of small "stealth shelter" pup tents, left to swelter in the burning desert sun.

On the peripheral edge of the firebase, a small unit of GIs manned ultra-sensitive thermal-imaging radar to spot approaching Taliban. But one night, they discovered that the thermal imaging also made the soldiers' pup tents translucent, thereby repealing the minor privacies of hundreds of lust-starved troops.

So while they drank alcohol-free beer and watched the soldiers jerk off, they played a game: Who's going to pop next? I still remember the sergeant in charge breaking into a mad cackle and saying, "Tent 42's about to blow!"

For most, masturbation is a solitary pleasure. Michael, a sailor who was at sea for six months in the West Pacific, recalls that discretion was important, since he had the middle of three stacked bunks in an 80-man berth.

"I learned to do it quietly," he laughs, thinking of the close proximity of so many other males. "To this day I can come so my wife, lying next to me, doesn't even know."

Wade Sanchez, an infantry soldier in Afghanistan, was forced to jerk off inside the firebases' makeshift wooden shitters: "It's really gross, but I started to associate the smell of fecal matter with sexual arousal. After I got back from Afghanistan, I couldn't jerk off unless I was on the toilet."

PHOTOGRAPH BY AP

The author is a veteran of the war in Afghanistan. His memoir, *Blood Makes the Grass Grow Green,* was pubished earlier this year by Presidio Press. His next book, *Border Crossings,* will be published by Random House in 2008.

dirty dancing

Karlie Montana and Katarina Kat are just two of the luscious stars of the Penthouse Forum video *My First Girlfriend*. Karlie gives us the behind-the-scenes scoop on her sultry pas de deux with the indescribably flexible blonde Katarina.

Photographs by Nicole Sheridan & Voodoo

"I liked this shoot because the idea behind it taps into so many of the fantasies all women have about hooking up with their friends. I could really get into it."

"I danced as a kid, but never in toe shoes. But Katarina used to work for Cirque du Soleil, so she helped me with a lot of the moves. She taught me *a lot*."

Karlie & Katarina

"Katarina can get herself into these amazing positions, and it was such a turn-on for me to see her like that. Oh, and she's got this super-sexy European accent. Yum."

"I only do scenes with other girls when I do films. The *Penthouse* girls are always nice, and *so* beautiful. Who wouldn't want to be with such hotties?"

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. TO SEE MORE OF KARLIE AND KATARINA, VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM /KARLIEANDKATARINA.

The Perfect Score:

How to Be a Moral Manwhore

There's a fine line between suave and skanky. Learn how to walk it and become the gentleman slut you've always wanted to be. Chelsea Summers shows you how.

Illustrations by Matthew Woodson

I have fucked a lot of men. A few of these men I've loved, a few I've detested, but most fall into the fat swath of those I've liked. While this revelation might not garner me many fans at Jesus Camp, it does mean that I have the sheet cred to serve up the sex intelligence that lots of guys are so hungry for.

Monogamy is not for everyone—at least, not all the time. And though many people equate monogamy with morality and sluttiness with depravity, I suggest that this connection is a fallacy. In other words, you can be both moral *and* a manwhore. You can kiss, bang, boff, screw, sixty-nine, frottage, grope, lick, suck, and otherwise fuck as many women as you want and still act ethically. Here's how.

DEFINING THE MORAL MANWHORE

As Ernest Hemingway famously said, "What is moral is what you feel good after and what is immoral is what you feel bad after." So ask yourself, how do you want to wake up in the morning? If the answer is "finely fucked and feeling damn fine about it," then you're ready to be a moral manwhore. You're ready to feel good after, and why shouldn't you? You just need to figure out how to negotiate the rocky terrain of polyamorous sex.

A manwhore may fuck anything that moves, but a moral manwhore puts in a call the next day. A moral manwhore is a guy who has sex to please both himself and his partners, and he's a man who takes responsibility for his actions. At his core, the gentleman slut is a man with enough respect for the women in his life (and enough respect for himself) to be honest to everyone. A moral manwhore takes responsibility. He's an adult. A moral manwhore is a *man*. Anyone else is just a coward.

BE STRAIGHT UP

Lying may seem like the path of least resistance, but it will bite you in the ass. Not only do you have to keep your lies straight—which takes a tremendous toll on a guy who's trying to remember several phone numbers—but inevitably you will find yourself in a headfirst collision with the truth. It's just a matter of time.

The most moral manwhore I ever fucked was this guy named Pete. Tall, dark, and strong, Pete had the improbable good looks of a Calvin Klein underwear model. He could have just about any chick he bothered to check out, and he basically did. The great thing about Pete was this: He made no bones about telling each girl that he wasn't looking for an exclusive relationship, and that he saw several women concurrently. He didn't apologize for his lifestyle; he was conscientious, straightforward, and caring. He never broke dates without plenty of lead time, and always contacted me the day after to say he enjoyed himself. I was never in doubt about the status of our relationship. He was the consummate moral manwhore.

Take a cue from Pete. If you know you're just looking for sex without strings, then be direct and up front. She's a big girl and can make her own decisions, as long as she's fully informed.

PLEASURE PRINCIPLE

Sex is a two-way street, my friend (unless you're really lucky and make it a three- or more-way). Remember this: You're only fucking over yourself if you don't make fucking fun for her. Sure, it can be difficult to figure out each woman's buttons and the order in which they need to be pushed, so you need to learn how to ask her what feels good and what doesn't—and how to be flexible enough to change things up.

A moral manwhore makes sure that the woman he's with has as good a time as he does. That means he pays strict attention to his partner's pleasure; he aims to please, and doesn't take offense if a woman gives him directions. He recognizes that fucking is intimate and real, and he takes pride in his sexual ability. A man makes it mutual.

KNOW YOUR MOTIVATION

Some manwhores are whorish because they've been burned and can't handle emotional ties. Some have a fear of commitment. Others get a thrill from the unknown. Most, however, have some combination of the three. You owe it to yourself—as well as to your partners—to figure out why you're doing the women you're doing, because not all motivations are healthy ones.

I've known guys who take their anger out on women by sleeping with anything that moves, or are kind of addicted to the first blush of love and the heady pheromone rush that goes along with it. Still others take brutal pleasure in the head game of making some chick fall in love with them, then heartlessly dumping her. These men are not moral. They are motivated to fuck, not by pleasure, but by their own callousness.

It's far more courageous to be noble than it is to drag some unknowing woman into your own cruel motivations. Know yourself. If you do, you can act accordingly. You can make better choices. If you are moral, you don't always get what you want, but if you try, you just might find you get what you need.

PICK THE RIGHT GIRL

You need to figure out how to separate the sex-flexible from the relationship-rigid. It's all a matter of looking in the right places, reading cues correctly, and being open to thinking differently. There are women all around you who want sex. But beware the deadly decade—between the ages of 26 and 36. I'm generalizing, but these women want nothing more than to couple and spawn like salmon. It's not their fault; it's biology. While there are certainly women in that age range who want you for nothing more than your rock-hard cock, most of them want you with a rock-hard diamond—preferably a large one.

Look for women who are looking for men like you, and that means embracing the world of online "dating." Use your city's Craigslist, or join a dating site. Here's what to pack for your trip: pictures of yourself (dressed and undressed—only to be provided upon request), a well-written profile, a readiness to respond to women's profiles with witty prose, and a go-get- 'em attitude. Sure, working the online hookup can feel like a drag, but at least you've got a pool of women who, like you, are seeking sex without attachment.

Regardless of how you find the woman in question, you need to spend some time reading her cues. Chicks who are really interested in a long-term romance will ask you questions about your job, your employment history, and whether you own or rent, buy or lease. Chicks who just want to fuck you won't bother. Pay attention to the questions she's asking to get a sense of what she wants from you. Then be honest with yourself about whether you can provide it.

EXPAND YOUR HORIZONS

As strange as it may seem, many women who are interested in you for sex and sex only will identify themselves as feminists. Because today's feminists take responsibility for their own sexuality, and they're interested in having really good sex on their own terms. Far from being the stereotypical man-hater, these chicks want to have hot, commitment-free sex with a man like you.

And if all you're looking for is promiscuous, naughty fun, you can consider the world your buffet table. There's no reason why,

> Tall, short, plump, skinny, old enough to be your mother, young enough to be your daughter: If they're conscious, consenting, and of legal age, they're yours for the asking.

as long as you're honest, you can't enjoy women you hadn't thought of pursuing before. Tall, short, plump, skinny, old enough to be your mother, young enough to be your daughter: If they're conscious, consenting, and of legal age, they're yours for the asking.

BE POLITE AND SAY PLEASE

I had a fuck buddy named Alex. He looked like Jake Gyllenhaal and was very successful in whatever arcane branch of finance he was in. But he had horrible manners—he blew me off without a phone call, and after I broke it off with him, he would e-mail me, begging me to fuck him. But he was hot, so I tolerated him for as long as I could before dumping his well-sculpted ass.

Like Alex, you might not know proper manwhore etiquette. Do you sleep over or not? Do you have to call the next day? What if you leave something at a girl's apartment and you don't want to see her again? I urge you to consider what Emily Post would do, if she were a dude enjoying indiscriminate sex with lots of women she'd just met. Don't be like Alex; be considerate. If you can't make the date, call. If she tells you she's done with you, respect that and move on.

And to answer the questions above: Sleep over if you want and she lets you, but never kick her out of your bed; absolutely call to be nice, but don't feel you have to stay on the phone long; and consider anything left behind in a cost-benefit analysis: If it's something you can't live without, make arrangements to get it back; otherwise, let it go.

And it's always gentlemanly to wear a condom. Condoms may be annoying, but you have to wear one—and don't whine about it. When you know you're going to have sex, you should have both latex and non-latex condoms as well as lube on hand. And *ask* before bringing any of these things to a girl's bed: porn, sex toys, bondage equipment, and other people.

Ask before bringing any of these things to a girl's bed: porn, sex toys, bondage equipment, and other people.

WHEN TO SAY WHEN AND HOW TO SAY IT

Postcoital cuddling is part and parcel of moral manwhoredom. It's absolutely correct to bring closure to sex with hugging, kissing, touching, and other forms of canoodling. Having sex without the figurative ties that bind (though perhaps with the literal) doesn't mean you can't embrace the intimacy.

But when you want to break it off with a chick, do it as you've done everything else—honestly, respectfully, and with a gentle yet firm hand. You don't have to do it in person, but at least do it over the phone—not in a text or e-mail, or on a Post-it note or message board. Thank her for her caring, tell her you've enjoyed yourself, but make it clear that you're not going to be seeing her in the future. Don't give excuses, and you don't have to answer her recriminations. Just exit gracefully. Do not be a pussy by just ignoring her calls. Be a man and do it right.

FROM PLAYER TO BOYFRIEND

You may find that you fuck around and fall in love. Bravo! Now take a deep breath and make sure you're ready for commitment —before announcing it to your potential girlfriend and all the women you fuck for fun.

During a time when I was sleeping around, I dated a guy named John who neglected to mention that he was, in fact, a manwhore. Our relationship progressed like typical dating relationships do—we hung out, and eventually we slept together. I didn't know that John had been fucking a lot of women, and I didn't know that he was giving up his happy manwhore life to commit to me. When John broke it off with all the women he was fucking, then realized what he'd done, he freaked out and dumped me, too. And, yeah, he did it by e-mail.

Don't be like John. If you think you want a relationship, take your time. And don't give a big good-bye kiss to all the other women until you're sure—and wait until you know your potential girlfriend is on the same page.

Being moral is never easy. Like other important choices a person makes every day—what to eat for lunch, which tie to wear, whether to shower—choosing to live ethically, sexually and otherwise, is something you choose to do over and over again. But weigh a lifetime of moral fucking choices against living like a fucking bastard and you'll see that it's worth it. There's nothing like feeling good after. It's a long life; enjoy it your own moral way.

Chelsea Summers lives, writes, and has sex in New York. Her work has appeared in *New Woman, Scarlet* magazine, and on her blog, PrettyDumbThings.typepad.com.

body double

There's no better way for two girls to while away an afternoon than with a dip in the hot tub. And when that couple is Brea Bennett and Lux Kassidy, the day quickly turns from good clean fun to down and dirty. They couldn't be better off for it.

Photographs by Misha

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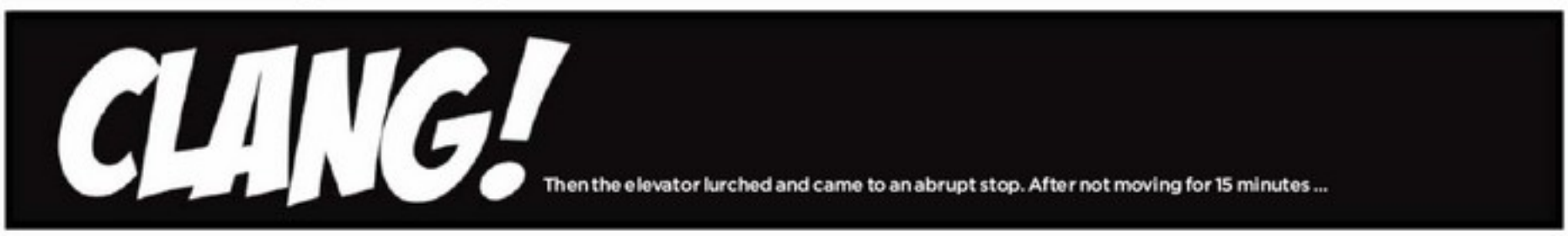
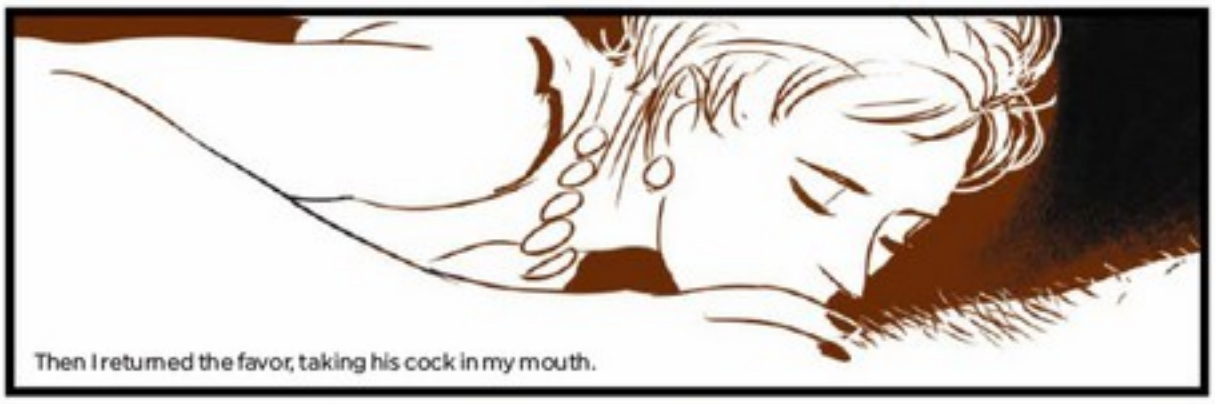
The Lift

A stalled elevator leads to an unexpected encounter.
Illustrated by Kalvachev

Thirty minutes after nailing the account, I was facing the elevator from hell again, but when the doors opened, the same gorgeous man who'd soothed my nerves on the way up was on board.



And his voice—it's soothing, and it's turning me on. I'm going to have to do something to keep busy. Maybe if I ...



He was really getting worked up and the passion between us was escalating to a critical level. I eased my mouth away from him and straddled his lap, rubbing my pussy against him.

CA-CLANG!

We had just started thrusting away at each other when we felt the elevator lurch. It was on the move again, and so were we, fucking with a heightened sense of urgency.

Oh God, Brad! I'm coming! *Ahhh!*
We slammed against each other until we exploded in orgasm.

With little time to savor the aftereffects of our quickie, we scrambled to put our clothes back on as the elevator headed down. Seconds later, it reached the lobby. I felt exhilarated and grateful when the doors opened.
DING!

You two put on quite a show.

You saw us?

Yes, on the elevator camera. But, not to worry! We'll just keep this between us. I was once young and horny, too!

Well, thanks, Brad. It's been a pleasure.
I paused, thinking he might invite me out for dinner or a drink, but when he didn't, I waved and walked to the corner to hail a cab.

Then I heard his voice and saw him pull up alongside me in his car.
You didn't think you were going to get away *that* easily, did you?
The end

the wild bunch

How many Pets does it take to make a pool party sizzle? The more the merrier.

Photographs by Misha

Left to right: Kelle Marie, Sunny Leone, Olivia Kent, Melissa Jacobs, Kimberley Rogers

"There was beautiful weather and beautiful scenery that day—and I'm not talking about the landscape."—*Charlie*

"It was great spending the day with a bunch of gorgeous girls. There were no catfights; we all respect one another."—*Olivia*

Above, clockwise from top: Kimberley Rogers, Michelle Ramos, Prinzzess, Melissa Jacobs, Charlie Laine, Lilly Ann, Olivia Kent, Kelle Marie, Sunny Leone, Hanna Hilton

"I like hooking up in the water. There's nothing better than getting dirty while you're getting wet."—*Charlie*

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Advertisement

Male Enhancement Pills . . .

Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?

Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.

I wish I had a dollar for every patient or person that asked me over the last few years about increasing the size of "that certain part of the male body." The preoccupation with size that men have is a mystery to most women. The fact is it is completely normal for most men to want to be larger. It doesn't matter if they are smaller than average, average, or larger than average. It's even been my experience that guys that are almost too big, so big in fact that many women wont go near them with a ten foot pole (sorry about that) still want to be larger!

I was so intrigued by this fact that I started to do research about the "so called" male enhancement pills that came on the market several years ago. The concept that a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible, but I wanted to know more. I had done much research over the years about certain sexually enhancing compounds available, so I believed the concept was sound that a pill could be made to make a man larger.

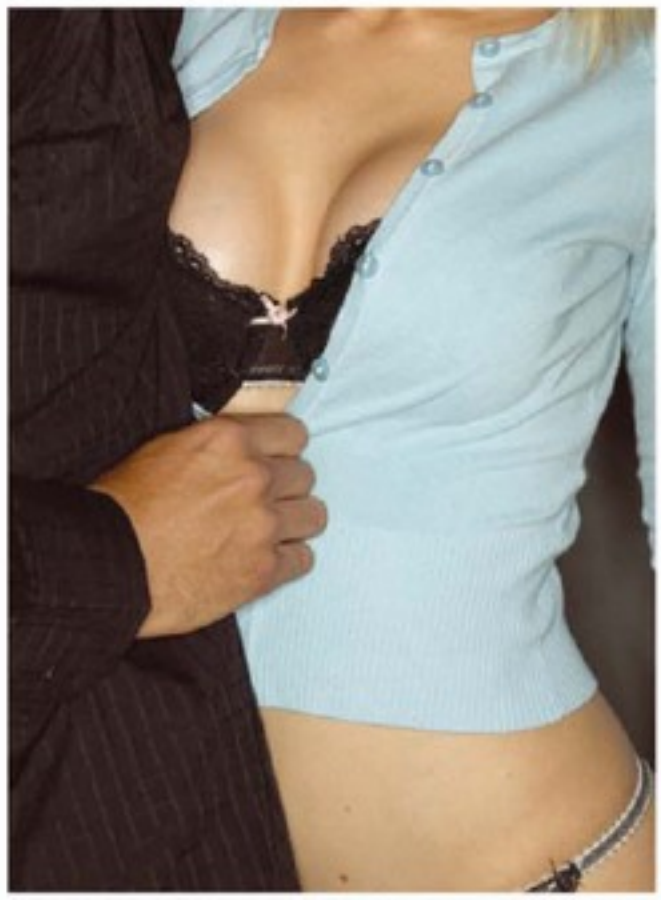
My first task was to look at some of the ads I had seen in magazines for male enhancement. There were some amazing claims by many of these makers. My personal favorite was a cream that claimed to make men instantly larger. I had to laugh out loud when I read what it said. The ad read, "apply cream, rub vigorously, watch it grow." I thought for a minute and then decided you could put virtually anything on a man, including guacomole, and if he rubbed vigorously it would grow. Then there was an ad for a pill, that if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches in just a few *short* days (sorry about the "short" comment).

I'm sorry, but after all those years of medical school, I know enough about anatomy to know that a guy who is 5 inches in length isn't going to add 3 to 4 inches to his little friend unless he buys a rope, gets a large brick, finds a bridge and...well, you get the picture. At about this time I was beginning to think that perhaps these makers hadn't found the magic mixture of compounds I had hoped they might have.

As the founder of both the Stein Medical Institute and the Foundation for Intimacy, I have spent most of my adult life trying to improve men and women's sexual health. I pride myself on being the best medical doctor I can be and my reputation is important to me. So, when out of the clear blue sky, I got a call from the makers of Extenze, the leader in male enhancement, wanting me to be in one of their TV commercials, I thought, "Boy, did they pick the wrong guy!"

"a pill that, if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches."

Little did they know that I had done real research into this concept and had recently looked at some of these male enhancement products. But the makers of Extenze seemed to be genuinely convinced that their product really worked, and they claim to have sold over 100 million capsules to men all over the world. "Over 100 million capsules taken by men." With that single declaration, they had my interest. Either Extenze really worked or these guys were the world's greatest snake oil salesmen. So I requested that they send me Extenze formula so I could review it, then we would talk.



I then visited the Extenze.com web site, where I found a page that showed the top twelve adult film stars, all holding Extenze and endorsing it. I thought to myself, "Is it possible Extenze actually works?"

The next day I received the proprietary Extenze formula and there it was, virtually all of the ingredients that I hoped would be in a male enhancement product, 19 pharmaceutical grade nutraceuticals. There was Yohimbe (which used to be available by prescription only,) L-Arginine, Maca...all of it was there.

I contacted the makers of Extenze the very next day and asked them what they needed me for. They explained that they had a desire to have a medical doctor in their T.V. commercials to talk about the effectiveness of the ingredients in Extenze. At that moment an idea sprang into my head. I told them if they would let me improve the formula of Extenze, I would do the commercial for free!

Before I knew it I was working with their chemists at the manufacturing plant where we added the most revolutionary thing to the formula of Extenze. We added DHEA, also known as the "mother of all hormones." DHEA is the most important human prohormone and is the prohormone that converts into testosterone in men. DHEA levels decrease with the aging. Production peaks in a man's early 20's, and declines about 10% every 10 years. Low levels of testosterone can lead to low sex drive and a smaller sex organ.

"they claim to have sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men."

After a few more weeks of tweaking the formula of Extenze, we were done. The new Extenze formula has been selling even better then the old formula, with over 75% of sales to repeat customers. Extenze has been on the market for 7 years and has sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men all over the world. It doesn't matter if you're 18 or 80 years old. In my opinion Extenze can make you larger, harder and increase both your intensity and pleasure and it is as simple as taking a single tablet daily. Extenze is so sure it would work for anyone that they're sending out a free one-week supply of Extenze for nothing more then the cost of a postage stamp. You can contact them directly at 800-630-3931. I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze. You have nothing to lose but a lot to gain. ★

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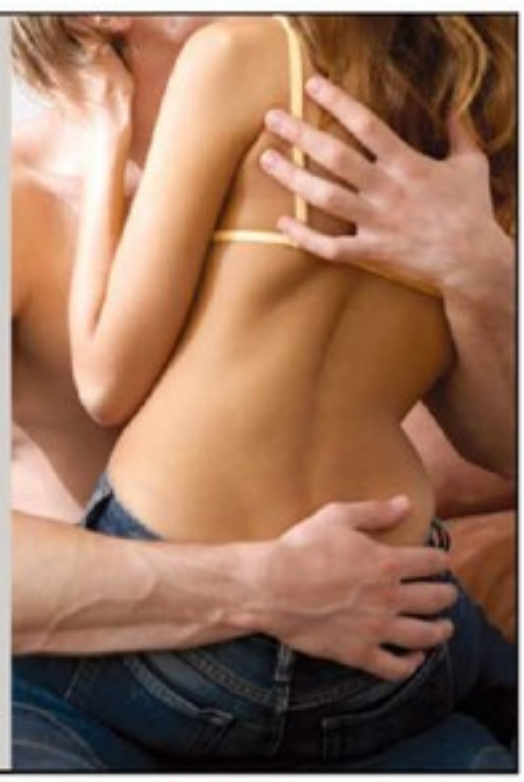

So You Think You Want to Have an Orgy?

Swapping and swinging are actually scientifically beneficial to the human species. Who knew? Here's how to enjoy group sex without the guilt. Darwin would be proud.

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

Do you frequently fantasize about group sex? You are not alone—group sex is one of the most common fantasies. Blame it on evolution, the popular scapegoat for uncivilized behavioral urges. Our desire to score with more than one partner at a time is evidently a reproductive survival strategy. In a recent Australian study, men who viewed pornographic images of two men and a woman produced better-quality sperm than men who viewed pornographic images of just women. The results suggest that humans subconsciously increase semen quality when faced with the possibility that their sperm will have to outperform another man's. In evolutionary terms, everyone in an orgy benefits—males produce more motile sperm, and women receive better sperm that will likely produce fitter offspring.

But group-sex fantasies can be disturbing for many of us. The concept of sex with numerous partners clashes with our monogamy-based beliefs. However, in an online survey by the *Electronic Journal of Human Sexuality* in 2000, more than 60 percent of swingers said the lifestyle improved their relationship, compared to only 1.7 percent who said swinging made their relationship less happy. According to the Kinsey Institute and other researchers, more than four million Americans have tried swinging .

GET OVER THE JEALOUSY AND ENVY

Group sex *can* be a breeding ground for the green-eyed monsters—jealousy and envy. You may feel envious of another man's sexual prowess or popularity, or jealous over your woman's enjoyment of another partner. Because multi-partner sex is fraught with potential rejection or negative appraisal of your performance, you need to resolve any sexual or physical insecurities before engaging in group sex. Similarly, if your relationship is unstable, group sex may further erode it. Even if you are in a strong and secure relationship, you need to prepare yourself for the unexpected emotions that seeing your woman with another partner may evoke.

While I got turned on by watching my partner have sex with another woman, I was definitely peeved when he did her in my favorite sexual position, which he seldom performed with me due to the physical exertion it required on his behalf (she happened to be especially petite, which made the position easier to pull off). Understanding and discussing the triggers of your insecurity and jealousy (and hers) will help prevent arguments and hurt feelings. As a rule of thumb, try not to engage in any "romantic" activities with a third party in a group-sex scenario, such as French-kissing or gazing deeply into her eyes. Similarly, be careful not to compliment your new partners too highly in front of your mate.

FIGURE OUT WHAT YOU WANT

Before you seek a way to end up in a pileup of naked bodies, figure out exactly what kind of sexual configuration and action floats your boat. Analyze your fantasies—and those of your partner. Do you get turned on by the thought of several women going down on you? Or does imagining your woman being penetrated by several men get your juices flowing? There are many different sexual practices when it comes to group sex, so know what you and your partner are getting yourself into.

A *swinging party*—once known as a wife-swapping or partner-swapping party—is switching partners with another couple for sexual encounters.

Soft swapping involves no vaginal or anal penetration between non-partners. Other sexual activities (kissing, caressing, touching, oral sex) are permitted. Couples usually stay in the same room during a soft swap, which may also be referred to as a *same-room swap*.

A *full swap* involves penetrative sex with someone other than your partner. When these activities occur in separate rooms, swingers will often refer to sex as *play*.

Selective swinging usually implies the participants are childless, unmarried couples in their late twenties.

Dogging is a British phenomenon that involves inviting an audience to

Group sex may erode an unstable relationship. Even if you feel secure, prepare yourself for emotions that may arise from seeing your woman with another partner.

watch a couple have sex in a public but reasonably secluded location, like a parking lot or movie theater.

A *gang bang* involves one participant, usually a woman, being penetrated by multiple partners.

Chicken parties feature two or more women performing oral sex on multiple men.

A *rainbow party* is a variation on a a chicken party, where women fellate men while wearing different shades of lipstick.

A *masturbation party,* also known as a *circle jerk,* can be single gender or mixed, and involves autoerotic activities or mutual masturbation in private rooms of masturbation clubs. Sexual intercourse is generally prohibited at such clubs.

DO YOUR RESEARCH

It's easy to find yourself in a naked pileup—there are more than 3,000 swing clubs and spas worldwide. Just search online using the terms for the parties detailed above and you will end up with results. Keep in mind that many of these clubs require a pricey private membership. While sometimes that can be purchased at the door, other clubs require prior approval based on photo submissions and demographics.

If you are a single guy, your choices may be quite limited, since many group-sex establishments are limited to couples or single females; some allow single men on selective nights.

KNOW YOUR LIMITS

Before you leave your house, make sure to discuss limits with your partner. You should be on the same page about the activities you are planning to engage in, and the type of partners you want to be involved with.

LEARN THE TERMINOLOGY

Once you meet a partner or a couple who interests you, but before you start getting hot and heavy, discuss your preferences. Don't be intimidated by the unfamiliar jargon. Here are some terms you might hear:

A *sandwich* refers to three partners lying next to one another, and frequently implies double penetration of a woman (vaginal/anal).

A *Big Mac* is simultaneous penetration of the vagina and anus using penises or other phallic objects.

The *shocker* is simultaneous vaginal and anal penetration using two fingers and the pinky of one hand.

Napoleon's hat is when a participant penetrates one partner while performing oral sex on a second.

> If you don't mind people watching, leave the door cracked open. This means *look, don't touch*. But if someone looks interesting, you can invite her in.

A *daisy chain* is three or more people performing oral sex on one another in a circle.

A *spit roast* is simultaneous penetration of a woman's mouth and her vagina or anus.

DVDA is "double vaginal, double anal," which refers to simultaneous penetration of a woman's vagina and anus by four penises.

Bukkake refers to several males masturbating and ejaculating on a woman's face.

RESPECT OTHERS' LIMITS

If *anybody* in a swap becomes uncomfortable, experiences pain, or simply says "no," everyone is expected to stop what they're doing, at least temporarily. And as strange as it may seem in the context of group sex, you must respect everyone's privacy.

These are some simple guidelines:

Open/no door—If you don't mind people watching you play or asking to join in, leave the door open. This is an invitation to watch or participate. Of course, the group can still turn down participants, but an open door means it's okay to ask to join.

Cracked door—If you don't mind people watching you play but don't want anyone joining in, leave the door cracked open. This is the universal *look, don't touch* indicator. If a voyeur looks interesting, he or she may be invited in, but it's expected that observers will leave the group alone unless explicitly invited.

Closed door—If you don't want any intrusions, keep the door closed. If you're wandering through a club and spot a closed door, leave it that way. If you open a closed door, be prepared for a stern scolding.

GETTING TO ME!
IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION, A STORY, A SEX TOY FOR ME, OR JUST A (NICE) COMMENT, PLEASE VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/DRZ, E-MAIL VICTORIA@PENTHOUSE.COM, OR SEND SNAIL MAIL TO DR. VICTORIA ZDROK, *PENTHOUSE*, 2 PENN PLAZA, SUITE 1125, NEW YORK, NY 10121.

By Eric Danville

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Around the World in a Lay
Flavors of the World
(Sin City)

We originally grabbed this so we could get our ya-ya's out by watching not one but two scenes featuring dusky doxy Daisy Marie, but the real prize was our first encounter with Jennifer Dark, a taut and toned black chick whose B.M.I. probably rivals most porn girls' IQ. Her opening scene with Lee Stone and Marie Luv is as rough and tumble as they come, with the ladies taking Stone's downward dangler doggy-style, and, of course, there's his always-dependable standing sixty-nine (patent pending). A four-man blow-bang with Keeani Lei at its center serves up another surprise as the Asian suckstress sucks hard—and in this case that's a very good thing. Daisy Marie shines in her scene with the veiny Van Damage, and fans of luscious lesbosity can write home to their mothers about a sexy girl-on-girl with Lexi Belle and Tristan. Extra tumescence to Sin City for giving this internationally themed winner a reasonably respectful title.

Get Your Dicks on Route 66
RPM XXXtreme
(Club Jenna)

The marriage of fast cars, hot chicks, and smoking sex has been done before, to be sure, but this entry is likely to start you up. Between footage of stock-car races, Tokyo drifting, and other nods to California car culture, you'll see mechanical fetishization and carnal consummation that rivals David Cronenberg's *Crash*. Cute-to-the-max brunette Paulina James, Kylie Wilde, Savanna Stern, Lexi Love, and Cassie Courtland put four on the floor in the most literal sense in a series of scenes showcasing sex on motorcycles and in automobiles. James proves her mettle in one of the hottest couplings—she gets pistoned by a thick-ass choad while she licks the hood of a sweet black ride (a car, not her partner). Courtland and Wilde do the dyke thing and almost stop traffic with a wild sixty-nine. Set to an electronica/trip-hop soundtrack with no dialogue aside from moans and groans, *RPM XXXtreme* is—as some folks (but not us) might say—a wild ride. The DVD extras include a James masturbation scene.

Penthouse Pick

The Greatest Sodomania Scenes Ever! Vol. 1
(Elegant Angel)

If anthropologists research the commercial porn industry, they'll break it down into four major periods: the "porno chic" 1970s; the "classic era" of the eighties; the gonzo explosion of the nineties; and the shit that hits the fans today. *Sodomania* is a mammoth, three-disc collection, culled from the legendary nineties series, containing a wealth of gals who made that decade such a bountiful one for viewers and established Elegant Angel as one of the industry's heavy hitters. You get thick-lipped Latina goddess Alicia Rio taking a pounding from a young and wiry Jonathan Morgan; Tiffany Mynx servicing Roscoe Bowltree (the on-screen persona of director and E.A. honcho Patrick Collins); blonde cutie Kaitlyn Ashley pulling four studs at once. As refreshing as it is to renew our acquaintance with the ladies, we were even more excited to be introduced to some who previously escaped our view: innocent, doe-eyed Vanessa Chase gives a rockin' B.J. to Bowltree, while the exotic Nyrobi Knight joins Mynx in a tryst with the legendary cocksman Tom Byron; Rachel Teez shines as a cigarette-puffing, dick-smoking cheerleader. There were scores of entries in this series, so our guess is that we can count on plenty of similar sets in what we'll begrudgingly call the future.

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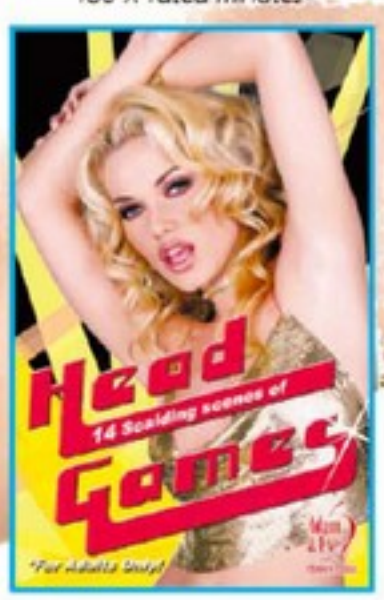

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LOSER WINS

Every summer, my company hosts a picnic with plenty of food and games. Since everyone was carpooling, I offered to pick up Chloe and Melanie, two of my coworkers. I always have fun with them when we hang out after work, so the 45-minute drive was a blast. All they did was brag that the girls were going to whip the guys—again—in the annual softball game. Of course, that also got me trash-talking, and the next thing I knew, I'd made an unbelievable bet with them: If the girls won, I had to spend the evening in sexual service to both of them, and if the guys won, Chloe and Melanie would service me. No matter how this turned out, it was a win-win situation.

We had a lot of fun that day, and while some of the guys were pissed about losing the game by a mere point, I was quietly ecstatic about winning what I now refer to as the daily double. On the way home, Chloe and Melanie said they had compiled quite a list of things for me to do, and they hoped I wasn't too tired. I assured them I was definitely up to the task, and I *always* pay my debts.

When we got to Melanie's, the first order of business was to shower. There was a mad free-for-all as we stripped off our clothes and raced one another to the bathroom. We continued our horseplay in the shower, fighting for the soap and pushing to get under the showerhead. I thought I'd died and gone to heaven—with two hot, wet, naked women!

> We continued in the shower, fighting for the soap and pushing to get under the showerhead. I thought I'd died and gone to heaven—with two hot, wet, naked women!

By the time we got out of the shower, I was ready to do right by my horny ladies and asked what was first on their list. When they both knelt on the bed side by side, I got the message. I pushed into Melanie first. She was hot and already wet for me. I struck up a strong, steady rhythm, getting her to match me stroke for stroke. When it seemed as if Melanie was on the brink of coming, I switched over to Chloe, who was anxiously waiting her turn, and jammed into her. Chloe's head dropped down on the pillow, and I fucked her hard until she really started to moan.

I was in pussy heaven, fucking one and then the other, egged on by the girls' pleasure-filled cries. Then Melanie said she wanted to ride me. She pushed me back, straddled my hips, and guided me into her. Meanwhile, Chloe aimed her twat over my face. While I licked Chloe's snatch, Melanie enjoyed the ride of her life. It was all good, but I wasn't sure how much more I could take.

Intuition is a wonderful thing, and these girls have it. They chose that moment to switch gears and get into a sixty-nine with Chloe on top. I sat back and watched as the girls got each other off. I'd watched plenty of girl-on-girl porn before, but nothing beats live action. Seeing them together was absolutely inspiring! When Chloe rolled off Melanie, I took her place, fucking her as hard as I could.

"That's it! Fuck me, Jake!" Melanie cried out as she wrapped her legs around me. I felt a sudden gush as Melanie creamed all over my cock.

Chloe wanted to ride me in reverse cowgirl. She climbed on and I palmed her tits while she rocked herself into oblivion. I was quickly nearing that destination myself and pulled her back toward me to finish things off. Chloe placed her hands on either side of me for support while I pumped her from below. I was almost there when Chloe cried out and I felt her tense up. Game over. I came with a roar and Chloe fell back onto my chest.

The girls had me working through their so-called list for the rest of the

night, and according to them, we only screwed our way through half of it. I have no idea how many positions are left, but it's been three weekends now and I'm still happily paying them back.—*K.M., Minnesota*

PRIVATE PARTY

Last New Year's Eve, I met up with some friends at a restaurant in Miami. The plan was to have dinner before heading to a club to celebrate. The service was slow, so Jerry and I went to the bar for a drink. Standing at the far end was a five-foot-ten blonde in a little black dress.

"I'm going over to talk to her," I said.

"You mean you're going to get your balls handed to you," he countered.

"We'll see," I said as I walked over to introduce myself. Instead of getting rejected, she was really friendly and even more beautiful up close. Her name was Amy and, like me, she was killing time with a few friends before heading to a party.

After I had been talking and flirting with Amy for an hour, Jerry came over to remind me about dinner. I told Amy I'd be right back, followed Jerry to the table, and told everyone I'd catch up with them at the club later.

I met Amy at the bar, which was even more crowded than before, and asked if she'd rather go somewhere else. We were practically sandwiched together, but Amy moved even closer and said she could meet her friends later. What she really wanted was someone to kiss at midnight—and logistics weren't important!

As soon as we were on the road, Amy had her heels up on the dash and I had my fingers in her pussy. By the time we arrived at her house, I'd given Amy her first orgasm of the new year.

I told her I could do that—and more. She clearly wanted to. We were standing so close to each other, I could feel her nipples against my chest. Amy and I rang in the new year kissing and groping each other to the horns, buzzers, and shouts of drunken revelers.

Amy's little black dress had started to inch up by the time I found myself running my hands up her silky legs. I told her how smooth they felt and she said she was even smoother higher up. I reached between her legs and felt the wetness and smoothness through her stockings. I said I'd love to check out the wax job. She said that could be arranged, if I was ready to leave. I was so ready I could taste her.

We left in her SUV with me at the wheel. As soon as we were on the road, Amy had her heels up on the dash and I had my fingers in her pussy. By the time we arrived at her house, I'd given Amy her first orgasm of the new year. I couldn't wait for mine.

When we got to her place, she wanted to fix some drinks. She bent down to get the vodka from a cabinet and I got to appreciate her dress from a different angle. The view was too inviting. I stood behind her, raised her dress, and dropped my pants. She placed the bottle on the bar and wriggled out of her stockings and thong. I took a moment to admire her firm ass before pursuing my first—but not last—fuck of the New Year.

She was so juicy, I slid right into her wet heat. I leaned over, placed my lips near her ear, and whispered "Happy New Year" to her. Then I pulled back slowly and drove into her again. I kept this up as Amy moaned and begged me to stop teasing her. When she turned her head to me and shoved her tongue into my mouth, I lost control and began jamming into her like a man on a mission. It was incredible. I didn't know her, but that didn't matter. I came harder than ever before, with Amy crying out in pleasure.

We made the most of the occasion—standing, on the floor, in her bed, on the couch. After we'd slept, she started my morning with a first-rate blowjob in the shower. We had toast and coffee before I said I had to get going.

Amy drove me home and we exchanged e-mail addresses. I didn't think I'd see her again, but a couple of months later, I ran into her at a party and we ended up back at my place. Now we get together for drinks and casual sex, but she's been hinting about hooking up again for New Year's this year. I just might take her up on it.—*W.P., Florida*

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TAKEDOWN

I'd had my eye on Tyler for a few weeks, sending him looks throughout our karate class. He is dark, athletic, and fantastic looking, and returned my looks but did nothing, letting me know that I'd have to make the first move. Everything about the guy made me sizzle.

Whenever Tyler and I were paired, I couldn't concentrate on my moves. I always found myself staring below his black belt, picturing his big cock and fantasizing about it thrusting in and out of my wanton pussy. Often, I ended up on the mat with Tyler on top of me, which wasn't exactly a bad place to be. By the end of each session, my pussy was soaking wet.

I always found myself staring below his black belt, picturing his big cock, and fantasizing about it thrusting in and out of my wanton pussy.

Determined to bring things to a head one night, I lagged behind after class and asked Tyler to show me a particular move we'd practiced that day. I knew it was an offer he couldn't refuse.

We were alone together for the first time, and the room vibrated with sexual energy. I fixed my gaze on

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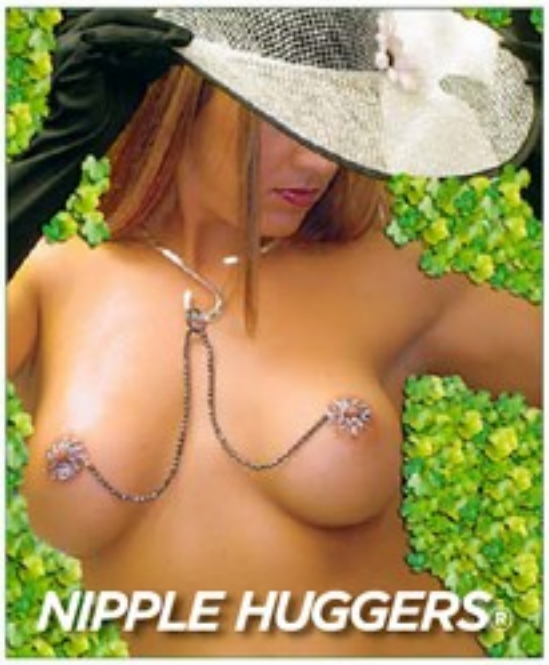

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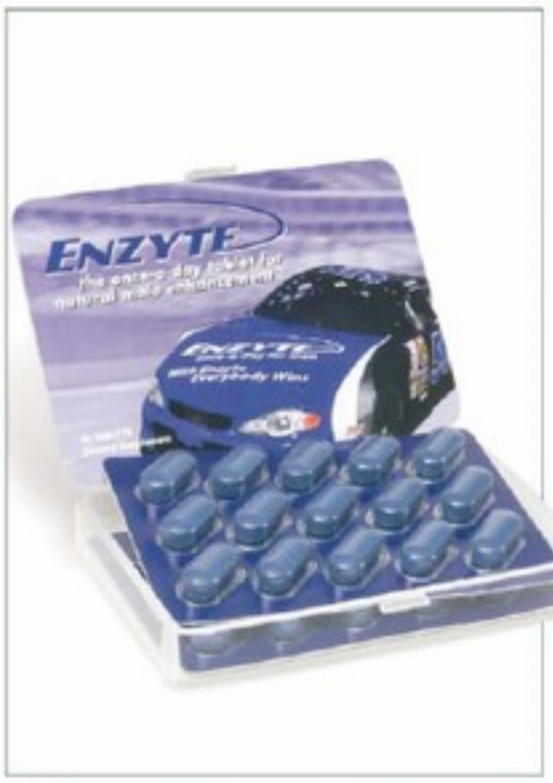

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him and slowly moved toward him. I whispered that I needed someone to help me improve my technique, and that the only way to accomplish this was with personal instruction—the hands-on kind.

When I was close enough, he turned me around and stood close behind me. I took a step back and our bodies melded together. I pressed my back against him and felt his already-hard cock—he was clearly as excited as I was.

"You're the woman I enjoy pinning the most," he said as he rained hot kisses on the pulse in my neck while his hand moved inside my uniform and caressed my tit. When his callused fingers slid over my nipple, I moaned and swiveled my ass against his hard-on.

We stumbled across the room as we wildly kissed and shed our clothes. Tyler sat me on the edge of the desk and stood between my legs as our tongues resumed their own wrestling match. He rolled my nipples between his rough fingertips, heightening my arousal.

"Suck them," I moaned urgently while softly biting his lower lip. As he kissed his way down to my breasts, I

I turned around, arched my back, and teased my ass against him. He quickly grabbed my hips and slipped his cock inside my twat.

fixated on his cock and let my hand close around the huge, slick head. I was about to wrestle him to the floor when his mouth closed around my nipple and his fingers slid inside me.

"I want to taste you," he said as he removed his fingers and licked my honey from them. No man had ever done that to me before, so it made me want him that much more. Then he kissed me and I tasted myself on his tongue. I reached for his ass and pulled him toward me. Knowing what I wanted, Tyler quickly pressed his dick into my pussy. With little adjustment, we were down on the floor, wildly fucking each other on the mat, hips slamming against each other. Tyler fucked me into a world of ecstasy, giving me the most intense orgasm ever. When he was ready to come, he withdrew and shot huge spurts all over my breasts. I wrapped my legs around him and pulled him closer, so that his still-erect cock rested against my throbbing clit.

As he watched, I slowly began to massage his juices into my tits. He was enjoying the show as I pulled on my nipples. His hands came up and took

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control of my nipples as my fingers slid down and wrapped around his slippery cock. Amazingly, I felt it become hard again. Not only was he ready for more, but my swollen clit ached for another round.

Immediately, I turned around, arched my back, and teased my ass against him. He quickly grabbed my hips and slipped his cock inside my twat. I reached between my legs and rubbed my clit as he fucked me. Just as I moaned and came, I felt his hot cream surge into me.

Tyler and I had several more hands-on sessions after that—at the studio, at his place, and at my apartment. Things worked out well for us: I got a hell of a lot more than my money's worth for the karate course, and Tyler got to try some new moves outside of class.—*G.M., New York*

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After graduating from college, I began working for a small bank. I had a lot to learn and heavily relied on my supervisor to bring me up to speed. Talia was gorgeous and several years older than me, so working closely with her was a challenge. She pushed me hard, and I made a point of learning as many of the bank's policies and financial regulations as I could—if only to impress her. What I really wanted to do was find a way to get locked in the safety-deposit vault with her for a few hours, but I knew that pursuing any kind of relationship would be inappropriate and a job risk.

One afternoon, we were driving back to the office from an appointment. We were running late and the slow-moving traffic wasn't helping. Talia grew impatient and decided to take a shortcut. We ended up on a back road, and after driving in circles for 30 minutes, Talia finally admitted that we were lost. Then the engine stalled.

I knew a thing or two about engines, so I told her to pop the hood. Not wanting to ruin my clothes, I quickly removed my jacket, tie, and shirt. After several minutes of work under the hood, Talia was able to start the engine. Then I noticed Talia smiling at me, obviously enjoying what she saw. For a brief moment, we stared at each other.

Talia left the engine running and stepped out of the car. She walked towards me, placed a hand on my chest, and gently pulled on my chest hair. Her fingertips dragged across my chest. There was no mistaking our mutual desire, and I decided to make the most of it. I drew her face to mine and we shared a long kiss.

We stepped apart and Talia's gaze swept down from my chest to the obvious bulge in my pants. She admitted her attraction to me, but said she hadn't fully appreciated it until that moment.

As she ran her fingers over my zipper, I was blown away by her openness. She rubbed gently, sending a surge of excitement through my body. I wanted to feel her hot skin against mine and pulled her into the backseat of the car. When we locked lips again, Talia unfastened my pants and helped me out of them. I helped Talia out of her clothes and bra and immediately began to feast on her full

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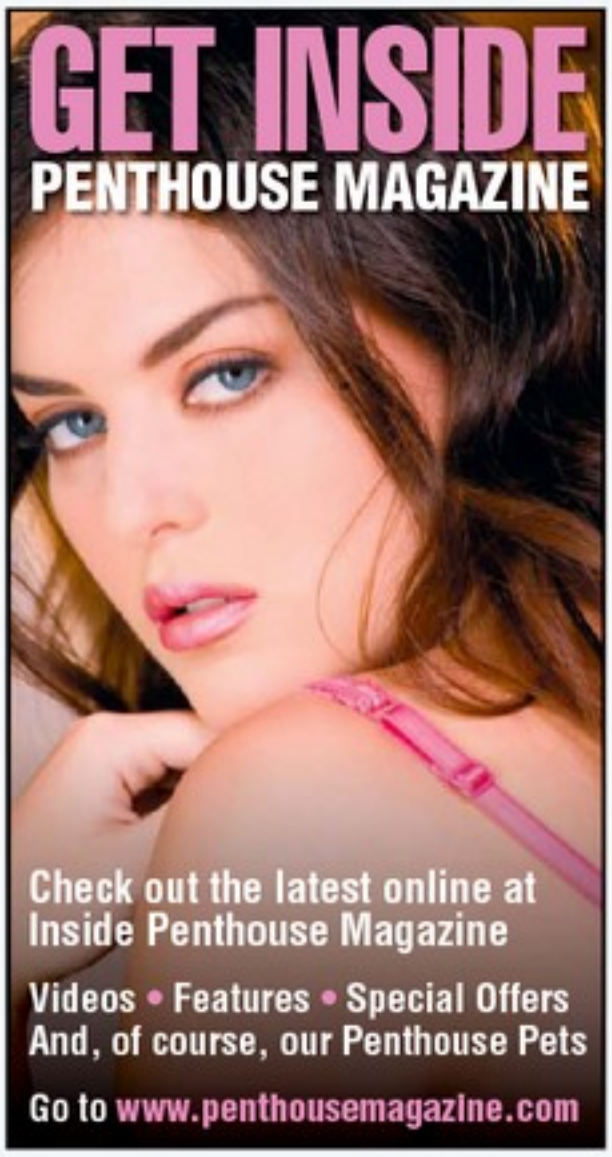

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breasts. She slid her hands into my briefs and let her fingers roam over my ass.

My hands wandered into her panties, which were soaked. I gently ran my fingers along her slippery folds, causing her to quiver and moan. Suddenly, she yanked my briefs down to my knees and grabbed my throbbing cock. I'd pushed a couple of fingers up her snatch and as she rode them, she eagerly jerked my cock. In her skillful hands, I popped my cork with a load so large, I made a mess all over us and the seat.

Still wanting more of each other, Talia and I maneuvered ourselves into a sixty-nine and began licking and sucking each other. It wasn't long before Talia sucked me dry.

Totally spent, we cleaned ourselves up as best we could and got dressed.

Over the next 12 months, we got to know each other—and the back roads—really well!—*E.S., Missouri*

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By Paul Tullis

Ava Gardner

Ava Gardner is the *Citizen Kane* of Hollywood beauties. To truly appreciate her, you have to transport yourself back to a period before her arrival. Today, you catch *Citizen Kane* on late-night TV and wonder, *what's the big deal?* But when 26-year-old Orson Welles's masterpiece hit screens in 1941, it was shocking in its brilliance.

And so it is with Gardner. We look at her today and think, *Sure, she's fine—but we've seen hotter waitresses*. But when Ava Gardner became a movie star in the late 1940s, there'd been no one—not Jean Harlow, Lana Turner, or Betty Grable—quite like her.

She was the greatest ball-buster of all time, seducing and dumping the biggest stars of her day. First there was Mickey Rooney, the top-grossing film star the year they married; then Artie Shaw, the number-one-selling recording artist the year *they* wed. Next came Robert Mitchum, Peter Lawford, bullfighters, and playboys. Ava cast them all off like faded costumes. Howard Hughes even dispatched spies to trail her when she stopped returning his calls.

She was fearsome, fearless, witty, whip-smart, proud, jealous, tempestuous, and said to be a torrent in bed. She flaunted her radical politics in an era of blacklisting, and openly strolled the streets with her African-American friends during Jim Crow. She looked a bit like Gretchen Mol when she smiled, and a bit like Sophia Loren when she didn't.

Then there was the "romance of the century." It was for Gardner that the womanizing Frank Sinatra finally left his wife. Gardner hooked up with Sinatra during a precipitous drop in his popularity; after she left him, he continued to pursue her, begging her to return. As his star continued to fade, Sinatra would stay up all night, outdrinking his entourage until the wee small hours of the morning, thinking not of his canceled TV show or record contract or the agency that had fired him, but instead tearing Gardner's photograph to shreds, then crawling across the floor to reconstruct it. Even after his comeback—when every woman in the world was dying to get close to him, and after more than a decade and who knows how many broads—even Frank Sinatra still couldn't get over the incomparable Ava Gardner.

She was the greatest ball-buster of all time, seducing and dumping the biggest stars of her day.

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